

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS AND CANADA

CANADA'S attitude towards Mr. Chamberlain's proposals is of some consequence. It may be stated in this way :

1. Mr. Chamberlain advocates the establishment of a protective tariff. To this Canada says nothing.

2. Mr. Chamberlain proposes preferential tariffs within the Empire. Canada is almost unanimously in favour of such tariffs.

3. Mr. Chamberlain desires commercial union of the Empire. Canada does not.

4. Mr. Chamberlain urges political union of the Empire. Canada dissents.

PROTECTION

Protection carried the Canadian elections in 1879. Those who then voted "Nay" are now Protectionists (if they yet live), and their discarded opinions have been adopted by nobody. Canadians are inclined to think that Protection would be beneficial to the United Kingdom, but they recognise that the conditions differ, and they leave the debate to those who are better qualified than they for its discussion.

Protection in the United Kingdom may be detrimental or advantageous to Canada. If unaccompanied by exemption of Canadian products, Canada must suffer by its enforcement,

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for her exports to the United Kingdom include much that might be excluded by tariff walls. And if the walls are erected Canada will have no right to complain.

PREFERENCES

Canada favours preferential tariffs within the Empire ; but at the same time she intends to maintain her protective tariff as against everybody. In other words, Canada will remain protective (even against other parts of the Empire) with reference to all articles on which she can produce ; but as to those which she must import, she will give preference to products of the Empire. The resolution of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association expresses Canadian policy. It declares that while the

tariff should primarily be framed for Canadian interests, it should nevertheless give a substantial preference to the Mother Country, and also to any other parts of the British Empire with which reciprocal preferential trade can be arranged : recognising always that under any conditions the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to Canadian products.

At first Mr. Chamberlain objected most strenuously to this suggestion. In his speech before the British Empire League (March 25, 1896) he said :

But the principle which I claim must be accepted if we are to make any, even the slightest, progress, is that, within the different parts of the Empire, Protection must disappear, and that the duties must be revenue duties and not protective duties in the sense of protecting the products of one part of the Empire against those of another part.

Mr. Chamberlain soon receded from this. He saw that Protection would not disappear, and at Birmingham (May 15, 1903) he suggested a compromise : Canada, he observed, and the others have made certain progress in manufacturing ; now suppose that we intervene in any stage of the process and say to them, "There are many things which you do not now make, many things for which we have a great capacity of production—leave them to us as you have left

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them hitherto." If we do not do this, Canada will fall to the level of the United States, Australia will fall to the level of Canada, South Africa will fall to the level of Australia.

That is to say, Canada and the others (from their standpoint) will *rise* to the level of the United States as a manufacturing country. Canada will not agree to any intervention tending to prevent or retard that consummation; and Canadians are glad to gather from Mr. Chamberlain's later speeches that from the policy of this one, also, he has receded—that he is now willing to negotiate preferential tariffs along the line of Canadian policy.

Indeed, one of his suggestions is a very distinct adoption of Canadian methods, and indicates the distance travelled since the declaration that "within the Empire Protection must disappear." I refer to his proposal (Welbeck speech)

to put such a duty on flour as will result in the *whole* of the milling of wheat being done in this country.

Canadian mills would suffer heavily by the imposition of such a duty, but Canada would not complain—the leaf is out of her own book.

The flour suggestion is a very good illustration of the difficulties which will have to be met when we come to settle the terms of preferential treaty—difficulties so great that some persons declare that the necessary bargaining between different parts of the Empire will lead to friction, to ill-feeling, and possibly to dissolution. Canada's experience lends some colour to this contention. The most formidable Canadian movements towards annexation with the United States arose because of the United Kingdom's termination (1846) of the preference which prior to that date she had given to Canadian products; and an increasing cordiality between Canada and the United States was turned into hostility (1865) by the termination at the instance of the Americans of the Reciprocity Treaty. But such possibilities cannot be avoided. We cannot refrain from the creation of advantageous relations, either

with the United Kingdom, or the United States, or any other Power, merely because of possible differences. Such possibility must no doubt be one of the factors for careful consideration when making our bargain; and we must see to it that either we are in some way secured against it, or that the arrangement is sufficiently advantageous to ensure us against the risk.

All, then, that Canadians can at present say upon the subject of Protection and preferential tariffs is:

(1) We believe in the protection and development of our manufactures; and we cannot agree (a) that "within the Empire Protection must disappear;" or (b) that with regard to articles which we do not now make we will leave their manufacture to others; or (c) that we will order our affairs so that we may not "fall (or rather rise) to the level of the United States."

(2) Nevertheless there is scope for preferential arrangements; and we believe that a treaty can be made which would be beneficial both to the United Kingdom and to Canada.

(3) We are ready to try what a spirit of good-will can accomplish.

Thus far there can be little doubt that I have reflected Canadian opinion. The following consideration comes from myself. It has not been adequately (hardly at all) discussed in Canada. It relates to the indirect effect of preferential tariffs; by which I mean the hostility that would be aroused in other countries by preferential arrangements between the United Kingdom and Canada.

Some are foolishly inclined to declare that they do not care what that effect would be. That is, of course, very absurd. We propose an arrangement in which we see certain advantages, and we are stupid indeed if we take no note of the disadvantages.

Others, with more appearance of reason, protest that Great Britain and Canada are both parts of one Empire; that we are perfectly entitled to make internal arrangements without properly provoking the hostility of anybody else; that the States

of the American Union and the German Union have such arrangements, and no one deems them a matter for foreign protest or reprisal; and that if such countries object to what they are themselves doing well, we must fight it out on that line.

An old adage tells us, "Be sure that you are right; then go ahead." As a matter of present and very unpleasant fact, we are aware that Germany and Canada are at present in a state of tariff war because our duties upon German goods are higher than on British, that is because of the preference which we give to British goods. Has Germany any reasonable ground for her action?

The essential difference between the case of Germany (in permitting free interchange among her component States, while charging duty upon foreign imports) and ours, is that Germany is for commercial (and other) purposes a unit. She is one country, with one tariff, one commercial policy, one control of foreign arrangements—she is a single fiscal entity.

The United Kingdom and Canada on the other hand are, for commercial purposes, quite separate and distinct. They have very different tariffs, different commercial policies, different foreign arrangements—they are two fiscal entities; so much so that they have negotiations, and are considering making commercial treaties with one another. Germans do not object if Lancashire goods go into London free of duty, even as Saxony's output is not subjected to imposts in Berlin. But Germany regards Canada as commercially distinct from Great Britain, and so she is. It is not so in other Empires, France, for example, and her Colonies form one fiscal unit. Canada, in obtaining commercial independence but still retaining her association with the British Crown, has introduced a new phenomenon in colonial connection, and here is one of the problems with which it confronts us.

It is useless for me to endeavour to settle the question. I cannot settle it. I state it for Canadian consideration with

a view of enabling them to see the nature of the arguments against us; to point out to them that we are already suffering for our adhesion to our purpose of Imperial preference; and to ask whether we are ready to fight it out on that line, no matter how disastrous the consequences. I am among the last to be charged with truckling to the United States, but consideration of reasonable consequences of a preference given by the United Kingdom to Canadian goods as against those going from the United States, cannot and ought not to be disregarded. Our trade with our neighbours last year amounted to about two hundred million dollars; our imports from them being no less than sixty per cent. of our total imports. And the practical question is not whether we believe ourselves to be in the right, but whether we are so clearly, indisputably and demonstrably right that we ought to disregard the contrary view as such an unreasonable and unwarrantable encroachment upon our freedom of action as must be intolerable to us, no matter what the consequences?

For my own part I cannot deny that the German view has much to support it. The Crown Colonies are in every sense a part of the British Empire; but for almost all practical legislative and commercial purposes Canada is not, she legislates for herself. She enacts her own tariff. She hits at Germany (and other nations) without consulting anybody; and if she makes a preferential bargain with the United Kingdom, it will be because she chooses to do so and not because of any constitutional subordination to the United Kingdom.

A preferential system, then, may breed reprisals. That will mean a great deal to the United Kingdom, for her foreign trade is enormous, but relatively it may mean very much more to Canada. Her punishment would come principally, and with heavy hand, from the United States. Are we ready for it?

I know that few things could be more unpopular at this particular moment in Canada than a suggestion of reciprocity with the United States. I do not seek popularity, and I care little for it. Let me say what I think. Frequently preferen-

tial tariffs with the United Kingdom and reciprocity with the United States are put in sharp antagonism the one with the other ; and men say that they would rather have the first than the second. I can give no such answer. You might as well ask me whether I would rather have a British horse or an American bull. Everything depends upon the details of the two propositions. If you say that they are equally advantageous to me, I have no difficulty in saying that I prefer the horse. But this exact equality is extremely rare ; and so I cannot say whether I would prefer British preference or American reciprocity. If I cannot have both, then I desire that which is best for Canada.

But why assume that the one necessarily excludes the other ? Of course, we cannot give to the United Kingdom, as against the United States, such a preference upon articles which they both produce as would exclude the American product ; and at the same time offer to both their products equality of access to our markets. But it must be borne in mind that our imports are of the most varied and diverse character, and it may well be that with reference to some of the articles comprised in what may be called our field for negotiations, there may be some with reference to which we could bargain with the United Kingdom and others which would form the subject of agreement with the United States.

For example, is there any Canadian who would not gladly welcome a renewal of our Reciprocity Treaty with the United States which existed between the years 1855 and 1866 ? If there is, I am inclined to think that he has not given the subject much thought. That treaty would not, by its terms, prevent our establishment of the contemplated preferential arrangements with the United Kingdom, for it related to natural products only. And it was of vast benefit to us. Let me give you the figures showing our trade with the United States. Remember that the treaty period was March 16, 1855, to March 17, 1866 :

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Year ending June 30	Imports into United States	Exports from United States	Year ending June 30	Imports into United States	Exports from United States
	Dollars	Dollars		Dollars	Dollars
1850 . .	5,179,500	9,515,991	1878 . .	25,357,802	38,284,421
1851 . .	5,279,718	11,787,092	1879 . .	26,133,554	30,843,702
1852 . .	5,469,445	10,229,608	1880 . .	33,214,340	30,775,871
1853 . .	6,527,559	12,423,121	1881 . .	38,041,947	39,512,876
1854 . .	8,784,412	24,157,612	1882 . .	51,113,475	38,569,822
1855 . .	15,118,289	27,741,808	1883 . .	44,740,876	46,590,253
1856 . .	21,276,614	29,025,349	1884 . .	39,015,840	46,411,450
1857 . .	22,108,916	24,138,482	1885 . .	36,960,541	40,124,907
1858 . .	15,784,836	23,604,526	1886 . .	37,496,338	34,785,021
1859 . .	19,287,565	28,109,494	1887 . .	38,015,584	36,162,347
1860 . .	23,572,796	22,695,928	1888 . .	43,084,123	37,245,119
1861 . .	22,724,489	22,676,513	1889 . .	43,009,473	42,141,156
1862 . .	18,511,025	20,573,070	1890 . .	39,396,980	41,503,812
1863 . .	17,484,786	27,619,814	1891 . .	39,434,535	39,443,755
1864 . .	29,608,736	26,574,624	1892 . .	35,334,547	44,885,988
1865 . .	33,264,403	28,829,402	1893 . .	38,186,342	48,628,509
1866 . .	48,528,628	24,828,880	1894 . .	31,326,731	58,313,223
1867 . .	25,044,005	21,020,302	1895 . .	37,006,163	53,981,768
1868 . .	26,261,379	24,080,777	1896 . .	41,212,000	61,086,046
1869 . .	29,293,766	23,381,471	1897 . .	40,722,792	66,028,725
1870 . .	36,265,328	25,339,254	1898 . .	32,242,601	84,889,819
1871 . .	32,542,137	32,276,176	1899 . .	31,604,135	89,570,458
1872 . .	36,346,930	29,411,454	1900 . .	39,931,833	97,337,494
1873 . .	37,649,542	34,565,113	1901 . .	42,902,478	107,746,519
1874 . .	34,365,961	43,473,174	1902 . .	48,787,573	111,708,275
1875 . .	28,271,926	36,225,735	1903 . .	55,649,656	125,776,203
1876 . .	29,010,251	35,004,131	1904 . .	52,541,324	133,902,411
1877 . .	24,277,378	39,374,180			

Observe that in the year preceding reciprocity, our exports to the United States were \$8,784,412; that the next year they were \$15,118,289; that at the end of the treaty period they had risen to \$48,528,628; that they had therefore increased over 450 per cent. in twelve years; that in the following year they at once dropped to \$25,044,005 and that during the next thirty-four years they reached the highest reciprocity figure but once.

I am not of the opinion that our neighbours are willing to renew that treaty. I believe they are not. But I do think that there is a much stronger disposition south of the line than there ever has been since 1866, to enter upon more sensible and mutually beneficial international trade relations

than is represented by our present antagonistic tariffs. I agreed in reasonable protection for our own manufacturers; and I agree in preferential tariffs with the United Kingdom; but I do not agree that these things necessarily preclude us from friendly commercial relations with the rest of the world. If they do, I denounce them as detrimental not only to that spirit of harmony and good-will which should characterise our relations with our brother men wherever they may be found; but detrimental also to our economic interests, disregard of which would not only be childish but unpatriotic, and well calculated by its ruinous results to dissolve every Imperial Association. The slightest familiarity with the necessities of British and Canadian geographical, manufacturing, and commercial situation, renders this assertion indisputable.

Summarising thus far, then, we may say:

1. A protective policy may be of advantage to Great Britain, and, if so, it will sooner or later be adopted there.

2. Such a policy, unaccompanied by any special arrangements in our favour, would be detrimental to some Canadian industries.

3. Preferential arrangements between Great Britain and Canada, productive of direct benefit to both countries, can be made.

4. Such preferential arrangements (it depends upon the nature of them) may provoke retaliation on the part of other countries.

5. Whether the benefits of preferential arrangements will more than offset the injuries depends entirely (1) upon the specific nature of the arrangements, and (2) the extent to which hostility is induced, and the length to which it is carried.

6. Reasonable regard to the interests of others is not only proper but profitable.

7. A Pan-Britannic commercial league against the rest of the world would mean financial and commercial upheaval and disaster; and for that reason the overthrow and dissolution of the British Empire at no very distant date.

THE POLITICAL PURPOSES OF PREFERENCES

Mr. Chamberlain's purpose in proposing preferential tariffs within the Empire is predominantly political, and only secondarily economic. As this is probably not the general impression, I give some quotations from his speeches :

I am a fiscal reformer mainly because I am an Imperialist, mainly because I believe that upon the maintenance of a great Empire we have inherited depends the greatness of our own country. In saying that, I do not wish to underestimate the economic side of the question we have under consideration only I say that that is secondary ; it is not vital. (*Times*, July 9, 1904.)

The tariff reformers believe, that by recovering our freedom of action and by re-arming ourselves with the weapon of a moderate tariff, we may still defend our home market against unfair competition, and may at the same time secure a modification of foreign tariffs which would open the way to a fairer exchange of our respective products than we have hitherto been able to obtain.

But they attach even greater importance to the possibility of securing by preferential and reciprocal arrangements with our Colonies a great development of trade within the Empire and the nearer approach to a commercial union which, in some shape or another, must precede or accompany closer political relations, and without which, as all history shows, no permanent co-operation is possible. ("Speeches," Introduction, p. 9.)

We are prepared to make concession or changes in order to induce a larger intercourse between ourselves and you, believing a larger intercourse will tend to closer political union. We all desire commercial union as the first step towards political union and organisation for common defence. (Rochester.)

Aye, as Yorkshire and Lancashire are bound to Middlesex and Surrey, so let Australia and Canada be bound to South Africa, to the United Kingdom. (Newport.)

And at a meeting of the British Empire League (March 15, 1896) he indicated a purpose

to create a new government for the British Empire—a new government with large powers of taxation and legislation over countries separated by thousands of miles, in conditions as various as those which prevail in our several Dependencies and Colonies ; and said that he hoped to approach this desirable consummation by a process of gradual development.

To my mind few things are more remarkable than the persistence of the notion (in spite of all experience to the contrary)

that Colonies must be governed and controlled, or they will cease to be of any use. The history of the growth of Colonies is very largely the history of their struggles to be free, the history of a determination on the other side to retain supremacy. And now that some of the British Colonies have reached their majority and are almost entirely self-controlled, the old idea is revived, in the more alluring form of a partnership or federation in which the United Kingdom would be the predominant partner, and to which the Colonies would give up a part of that self-government which with such difficulty they have at last succeeded in securing.

Mr. Chamberlain has frequently been charged with misrepresenting colonial opinion. So far as he has declared that Canada is desirous of preferential arrangements with the United Kingdom he is quite within the truth; but I am bound to say that he has been misinformed, and is far from correct when he asserts that Canada wishes either commercial or political union with Great Britain and Ireland. And it is but right to correct him upon this point, for Canada at least does not desire to obtain any advantages by pretending that she is desirous of commercial or political federation.

I believe that I speak the mind of Canada when I say that the following language of Mr. Chamberlain is not well founded:

Here are eleven millions of white men—flesh of your flesh, blood of your blood, of the same religion, and with the same reverence for the British Empire—claiming to share its history and its glorious past; they are willing to unite their future to yours. ("Speeches," p. 99.)

Well, what is the position? These great Colonies of ours have decided with a unanimous voice—which is wonderful if you consider the differences of their circumstances, the variety of their conditions, the number of their local and separate interests—that this great question of union can best be approached on the commercial side. (Birmingham, p. 12.)

What do you say to these men who retain so lively a recollection of their connection with the Old Country, who long for the time when we shall be indeed a united Empire? Will you snub them? Will you reject the offers which they make to you? Then, indeed, you are not worthy of the inheritance

that you have gained from the ancestors who fought for it, and who have left to you the duty of maintaining it.

I believe that our children are ready and willing to share the privileges of the Empire, and at the same time to share its responsibility. And these growing States—great already, but whose future greatness it is impossible for any of us to measure—will now, if we are willing, freely associate their fortunes with ours.

In my opinion the two great objects which I have in view—the prosperity of the home trade and the closer union of the Empire—are within our reach.

I have not Mr. Chamberlain's ability nor in very many lines his experience, but, nevertheless, I have some confidence that I understand the Canadian side of questions better than he does. In fact, it is quite possible that to the Canadian side I have given too much attention. Nevertheless, there is a Canadian side which must not be omitted from view, and that view, I have no hesitation in saying, is that the powers of self-government which we possess we shall hold; that while we are absolutely loyal to our King we owe no fealty or subjection whatever to Westminster or to Downing Street; that we have our own fiscal ideas, and we do not intend to submit them for revision to electors who, as many of our people think, are unable rightly to settle their own tariff—who are the despair of Mr. Chamberlain himself; that we have our own notions as to our own development, and are not inclined to brook criticism of them from those millions who know little of the conditions and aspirations of a young, vigorous community of gigantic proportions and illimitable possibilities; that we are a democratic, peace-loving community, and that we are ill-suited for political union with a nation whose characteristics are much more decidedly aristocratic, hierarchical, and militarist than ours, and whose predominance in federal councils would make us mere endorsers of a policy that we do not approve. Co-operation with our sister British States and not incorporation in them is, in our judgment, the best way in which all interests may be advanced and subserved.

Mr. Chamberlain insists upon binding "these folks of ours" "by the bond of commercial unity," by a political union which will bind Australia and Canada to South Africa and the United

Kingdom, even "as Yorkshire and Lancashire are bound to Middlesex and Surrey." Is it possible that a man of Mr. Chamberlain's acumen has not discovered that bonds do not bind? that it was bonds, legislative and administrative, that severed the American Colonies from the mother country? that it was bonds that provoked the Canadian rebellions in 1837? that it was bonds that kept Ireland poor and discontented? and that it is the removal of bonds that has partially reconciled the glad green isle, and has produced in Canada an enthusiastic and demonstrative loyalty to the British Crown that Mr. Chamberlain so much admires, but so strikingly misinterprets? It may be that the establishment of preferential trade relations with the United Kingdom will, by encouraging mutually profitable intercourse, tend to increase the sympathy between the two countries. But all that can be done in that way can be accomplished by treaty. Commercial union is not only not necessary for the purpose, but would be injurious.

What has thus far been said as to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals has been based upon his speeches merely, and Canada's reply has been formulated in my own language. Proposals and reply are, however, to be found in much more satisfactory, because authoritative, form, namely, in the records of the various Imperial Conferences.

In his opening speech at the Conference of 1897 Mr. Chamberlain said that it would be desirable "still further to tighten the ties which bind us together." He thought

that it might be feasible to create a great Council of the Empire to which the Colonies would send representative plenipotentiaries; not mere delegates who were unable to speak in their name, without further reference to their respective Governments, but persons who by their position in the Colonies, by their representative character, and by their close touch with colonial feeling, would be able, upon all subjects submitted to them, to give really effective and valuable advice. If such a Council were to be created, it would at once assume an immense importance, and it is perfectly evident that it might develop into something still greater.

The reply of the Colonial Premiers was as follows:

The Prime Ministers here assembled are of the opinion that the present political relations between the United Kingdom and the self-governing Colonies are generally satisfactory under the existing condition of things.

Mr. Seddon and Sir E. N. C. Braddon dissented.

At the next Imperial Conference (1902) called to discuss "the political and commercial relations of the Empire and its naval and military defence." Mr. Chamberlain was a little more urgent and insistent, if not just a trifle impatient :

I say our paramount object is to strengthen the bonds which unite us, and there are only three principal avenues by which we can approach this object. They are : through our political relations in the first place ; secondly, by some kind of commercial union ; in the third place, by considering the questions which arise out of Imperial Defence. These three great questions were considered at the last Conference, and I think it is clear they must form the principal subject of our deliberations on this occasion, and, indeed, of those of any future Conferences which may afterwards be held. I may be considered, perhaps, to be a dreamer, or too enthusiastic ; but I do not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, the political federation of the Empire is within the limits of possibility.

Referring to a suggestion for colonial representation in the Imperial House of Commons, he said :

If it comes to us, it is a proposal which his Majesty's Government would certainly feel justified in favourably considering ; but I have always felt myself that the most practical form in which we would achieve our object would be the establishment or creation of a real Council of the Empire to which all questions of Imperial interest might be referred, and if it were desired to proceed gradually, as probably would be our course—we are all accustomed to the slow ways in which our Constitutions have been worked out—if it be desired to proceed gradually, the Council might in the first instance be merely an advisory Council. It would resemble, in some respects, the advisory Council which was established in Australia, and which, although it was not wholly successful, did nevertheless pave the way for the complete federation upon which we now congratulate them. But although that would be a preliminary step, it is clear that the object would not be completely secured until there had been conferred upon such a Council executive functions and perhaps also legislative powers, and it is for you to say, gentlemen, whether you think the time has come when any progress whatever can be made in this direction.

For commercial basis Mr. Chamberlain desired Free Trade within the Empire :

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Our first object, then, as I say, is Free Trade within the Empire. We feel confident—we think that it is a matter which demands no evidence or proof, that if such a result were feasible it would enormously increase our inter-Imperial trade; that it would hasten the development of our Colonies; that it would fill up the spare places in your lands with an active, intelligent, and industrious, and, above all, a British, population; that it would make the Mother Country entirely independent of foreign and raw material.

As to colonial contribution to Imperial defence he said:

But now that the Colonies are rich and powerful, that every day they are growing by leaps and bounds, their material prosperity promises to rival that of the United Kingdom itself, and I think it is inconsistent with their position—inconsistent with their dignity as nations—that they should leave the Mother Country to bear the whole or almost the whole of the expense. And I think, therefore, you will agree with me that it is not unreasonable for us to call your serious attention to a state of things which cannot be permanent. I hope that we are not likely to make upon you any demand which would seem to you to be excessive. We know perfectly well your difficulties, as you probably are acquainted with ours. Those difficulties are partly political; partly, principally probably, fiscal difficulties. The disproportion to which I have called your attention cannot, under any circumstances, be immediately remedied, but I think that something may be done—I hope that something will be done—to recognise, more effectually than has hitherto been done, the obligation of all to contribute to the common weal.

The Colonial Defence Committee presented a memorandum to the Conference, in which they said:

For these reasons the Colonial Defence Committee earnestly hope that the great self-governing Colonies may be able to give some assurance as to the strength of the contingents which they should be able to place at the disposal of his Majesty's Government for extra-colonial service in a war with a European Power.

And Lord Selborne proposed cash contributions to the British Navy.

In their reply the Premiers made no reference to political relations, probably judging that the resolution of the previous Conference sufficiently showed their views. As to commercial matters they resolved:

That this Conference recognises that, in the present circumstances of the

Colonies, it is not practicable to adopt a general system of Free Trade as between the Mother Country and the British Dominions beyond the seas.

That with a view, however, to promoting the increase of trade within the Empire, it is desirable that those Colonies which have not already adopted such a policy should, as far as their circumstances permit, give substantial preferential treatment to the products and manufactures of the United Kingdom.

The reply of Canada and Australia to the request for contingents was as follows :

The representatives of Canada and Australia were of opinion that the best course to pursue was to endeavour to raise the standard of training for the general body of their forces, to organise the departmental services and equipment required for the mobilisation of a field force, leaving it to the Colony, when the need arose, to determine how and to what extent it should render assistance.

Canada's reply to the request for contribution to the Navy was as follows :

The Canadian Ministers regret that they have been unable to assent to the suggestions made by Lord Selborne respecting the Navy and Mr. St. John Brodrick respecting the Army. The Ministers desire to point out that their objections arise, not so much from the expense involved, as from a belief that the acceptance of the proposals would entail an important departure from the principle of colonial self-government. Canada values highly the measure of local independence which has been granted to it from time to time by the Imperial authorities, and which has been so productive of beneficial results, both as respects the material progress of the country and the strengthening of the ties that bind it to the Mother Land. But while, for these reasons, the Canadian Ministers are obliged to withhold their assent to the propositions of the Admiralty and the War Office, they fully appreciate the duty of the outlay for those necessary preparations of self-defence which every country has to assume and bear.

That the taxpayers of the United Kingdom should desire to be relieved of some of the burdens which they bear in connection with military expenditure is quite reasonable. Canada in the development of its own militia will be found ready to respond to that desire by taking upon itself some of the services in the Dominion which have hitherto been borne by the Imperial Government. What has already been done by Canada must give assurance of the disposition of the Canadian people to recognise their proper obligations.

At present Canadian expenditures for defence services are confined to the military side. The Canadian Government are prepared to consider the naval side of defence as well. On the sea-coasts of Canada there is a large number

of men admirably qualified to form a Naval Reserve, and it is hoped that at an early day a system may be devised which will lead to the training of these men and to the making of their services available for defence in time of need.

In conclusion the Ministers repeat that, while the Canadian Government are obliged to dissent from the measures proposed, they fully appreciate the obligation of the Dominion to make expenditures for the purposes of defence in proportion to the increasing population and wealth of the country. They are willing that these expenditures shall be so directed as to relieve the taxpayer of the Mother Country from some of the burdens which she now bears, and they have the strongest desire to carry out their defence schemes in co-operation with the Imperial authorities, and under the advice of experienced Imperial officers, so far as this is consistent with the principle of local self-government, which has proved so great a factor in the promotion of Imperial unity.

Mr. Chamberlain does not quite appreciate this attitude, and yet it is a necessary corollary from Canada's political position as recognised by no one, now, more clearly than by Mr. Chamberlain himself. In his very recent speech to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association (Birmingham, June 26, 1905) he said :

What are we all ? We are sister States, in which the Mother Country, by virtue of her age, by virtue of all that she has done in the past, may claim to be first, but only first among equals. Now the question is, How are we to bring these separate interests together, these States which have accepted one crown and one flag, and which in all else are absolutely independent one of the other ?

To Canadians it appears axiomatic that if they are an independent State they ought to build up military and naval forces of their own, rather than send money to any other State, of equal or unequal rank with them, to be expended by it. That we are under one Crown is no reply to this. If it is, then I say : "Canada has a magnificent lot of men engaged in her fisheries, as well fitted for naval employment as any men in the British Isles ; but Canada's income must very largely be spent upon her growth ; let, therefore, the United Kingdom remit to Ottawa a couple of millions annually to be spent by Canada in the creation of a Canadian Navy." That would appear to our British brothers to be a very ridiculous proposition, but it

is really quite as sensible as the suggestion that the cheque should go from Canada. To my mind, it is perfectly clear that Canada's contribution to defence must be along the lines of national growth. She must strengthen herself, train her own men, maintain her own forces, and thus learn to do her own fighting. In the past Canada has done her share, and more than her share, in the Empire's wars—wars which she had no share in causing, and as to which her opinion was not asked. It is now proposed that besides continuing war help, she should contribute to the peace establishment, not of the Empire but of the United Kingdom. She has declined to do so. And she is right. Let each part prepare itself in time of peace. The whole will thus be the stronger when comes the stress of war.

Canada's attitude, then, as to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals is as follows :

1. Protection is Canada's policy. She offers no suggestion as to that of the United Kingdom.

2. Canada favours the idea of preferential tariffs throughout the Empire. The terms, and their effect upon other nations, are matters for most careful consideration.

3. Canada is an independent State under the same Crown as is the United Kingdom. She will not enter any commercial union ; nor agree that her tariffs shall be regulated by any body other than her own Parliament. And no political union which would remove from her exclusive governance the control of any part of her own affairs would be acceptable to her.

4. At the same time Canada anticipates and desires eternal association with the United Kingdom ; for therein she sees benefit not only to herself but to the United Kingdom and to the world. Co-operation always, incorporation probably never, is the summation of the whole matter.

5. Lastly, Canada is not prepared to agree beforehand that she will assist in every war which, without consultation with her or without her assent, the United Kingdom may at any time be engaged. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking against Imperial Federation, has said (Hansard, April 7, 1892) :

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I do not believe in Imperial Federation. If colonists are to be represented at Westminster in the same way that Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen are represented, then of course colonists must assume the duties and responsibilities which are borne by Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen to carry on the wars which are almost perpetually engaged throughout the civilised and uncivilised world. I think these are consequences before which the people of Canada will recede.

Just before proceeding to the Imperial Conference of 1902 Sir Wilfrid said:

We are invited to discuss the commercial situation, the political situation and the military situation. Our answer has gone forth at the same time that we see little advantage in discussing the political situation or the military situation. . . It would be a most suicidal policy for the Canadian people to go into any scheme of that nature. It would be the most suicidal policy that could be devised for Canada to enter into that vortex in which the nations of Europe—England included—are engaged at the present time, and which compels them to maintain great military armaments. . . The principal item in the British Budget is the expenses for naval and land armaments. . . Now my honourable friend¹ says that Canada should follow in the same course, that she should take part in the scheme of Imperial military defence. Sir, Canada is in a different position. Canada is a nation with an immense territory but with a sparse population of five and three quarter millions of souls, scattered over an area of three thousand miles in extent from east to west. The principal items in the Budget of Canada are what? Public works, the development of the country, the construction of railways and harbours, the opening up of ways of transportation. This is the work to which we have to devote our energies, and I would look upon it as a crime to divert any part of that necessary expenditure to the supply of guns, cannon and military armaments.

These pronouncements of the Premier of Canada have never been challenged by any of the leaders of the political party opposed to him. They indicate that not only as regards commercial questions, but as to all other matters, Canada intends to control her own affairs. Her affection for the United Kingdom is deep and indisputable, but her national status precludes the possibility of submission to any governance but her own.

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¹ Mr. McLean, a somewhat independent member.

THE DIPLOMATIC BALANCE-SHEET OF THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

THE end of the Far Eastern War opens up the prospect of many international questions of the highest importance. The changes wrought by the giant battles on the Manchurian plains and in the waters of the Yellow Sea are as yet incalculable, and it will probably be many years before we can appreciate their effects to the full; all we can do at present is to try to understand the new tendencies and world forces which have been brought into play. Two master-facts stand out above all the others—the welding of Japan into a nation of the first rank, fit to take its place by the side of the oldest and mightiest Empires of the world, and the shattering of Russia's schemes of absolute dominion throughout Asia and of predominance in Europe. A third indirect consequence is, I venture to add, the gradual transformation of Russia from a mediæval and semi-Oriental despotism into a modern Constitutional State. It is the object of this paper to indicate the directions of some of these political changes in the balance of power.

I must first say a few words on the peculiar position enjoyed by Russia before the outbreak of the war. For the last three-quarters of a century Europe has been living under the incubus of the Russian spectre. The belief in Russia's over-

whelming might has been almost an article of faith with nearly every European statesman from the Congress of Vienna to the present day. Fear of Russia was the keynote of the foreign policy of every State whose territories bordered on hers. Her supposed vast power and her irresistible destiny impressed the imagination of friend and foe alike, and her alliance was sought by those whose interest did not clash with hers as the most solid guarantee against all dangers. By many she was hated, by a few—from a safe distance—admired, by all feared. The prestige of Russia had various outward effects and manifestations in different countries, and was maintained owing to a variety of circumstances.

Russian foreign policy has always followed three historic tendencies: the first is the conquest of Constantinople, which, apart from political considerations, appealed to popular religious enthusiasm, which has ever been a vital force in Russia, as a sort of Crusade and holy mission assumed ever since the days of Peter the Great; the second is the desire to bring about the federation of all the Slavonic peoples under Russian hegemony, "the union of the Slav streams in the Russian Sea"; and the third is the tendency to expand Eastward and towards open warm water ports wherever they are to be found. This last movement has been more due to purely political considerations than the others, but the Government has made use of all three in turn for the furtherance of its vast schemes of conquest. The complete realisation of all these objects would have involved the absolute predominance of Russia both in Europe and in Asia. Pan-Slavism meant the annexation of Prussian Poland, Silesia, Galicia, Bohemia, Moravia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Montenegro and Macedonia; and as the Southern Slavs are separated from their Northern brothers by a wide belt of non-Slavonic lands, Hungary and Rumania would have to be absorbed as well to complete the union. The conquest of Constantinople would involve that of all European Turkey and part of Asia Minor. The desire to expand Eastward had practically no limits, and Prince Ukhtomsky once boastfully

declared that it was Russia's mission to dominate the whole of Asia, an ambition which was shared by most Russian statesmen and generals, and many schemes were on foot to make it a reality. Russians certainly knew the art of "thinking Imperially," but unfortunately for themselves their actual deeds did not always correspond to their aspirations, and the means adopted proved utterly inadequate. Such a programme naturally aroused the jealousies and suspicions of the whole world, but strangely enough Russia succeeded in communicating her own blind confidence in her destinies to her rivals and enemies. The enormous influence of Russia seems incredible in the light of recent events, and forms one of the most curious political phenomena of modern times. The belief in Russia's invincibility was partly the outcome of the worship of size, which was deemed synonymous with strength, and cast a spell over the minds of a large section of humanity, especially during the last quarter of a century, which has been marked by a strong reaction against idealism and enthusiasm. Her failures were forgotten, and her successes alone remembered; her steady advance in Asia, and her conquests over immense though thinly populated territories, strengthened her influence on the imagination, especially among Orientals, for her progress appeared to have the inevitable relentlessness of a law of nature. Even her bitterest adversaries, who were perpetually denouncing her Machiavelian wickedness, and the mendacity and unscrupulousness of her statesmen and diplomats, were only too ready to take the wildest Russian boasts on trust. There was, as a matter of fact, nothing diabolically subtle about the methods of Russian statesmanship, which consisted largely in vainglorious boasting, and in being "too clever by half"; the actual results of this and the Empire's policy would have been *nil*, had not foreign Powers been driven into a state of hysterics at every Russian menace. Again and again Russia has been defeated in battle as in the Crimea, and her diplomacy outwitted, as at Berlin in 1878; yet by the fear which she inspired she succeeded in acquiring an influence out of all proportion with her real power.

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Germany, ever since 1870, has been living in fear of the "Eastern neighbour," to cultivate good relations with whom was the chief aim of Bismarck's policy.¹ With a hostile France on one side and a potentially hostile Russia on the other, the position of Germany might well seem precarious, and even the general staff at Berlin rated Russia's military efficiency very highly. Germany literally cringed before Russia, and the persistent attempts to sow discord between England and Russia on the one hand and to encourage the latter in her Middle and Far Eastern adventures constituted an integral part of Teutonic diplomacy. However aggressive the tone of the German Government and Press towards other Powers might be, the greatest pains were taken to conciliate Russia.

In Austria-Hungary the Russian spectre loomed even larger than in Germany, and played a great rôle in almost every question of internal policy. When the Pan-Germans cried *Hoch* to Bismarck in the streets of Gratz, or sang *Die Wacht am Rhein* in Bohemia, the Slavonians and Czechs replied by talking about Pan-Slavonic unity, and airily invoking Russian assistance to liberate them from "German tyranny." In the struggles between Italians and Slavs on the Adriatic Littoral, in those between Serbs and Croats, and between Magyars and Croats, Russian influence in one form or another was ever present, and the great quarrel between the two halves of the Dual Monarchy was for a long time prevented from coming to an acute crisis by the dread of Russia. However much Germans, Magyars, and Slavs might hate each other, none of them really desired to fall under the blight of Russian rule, and all feared this possibility.

In the Balkans Russia was everything. The attitude to be adopted towards Russia was the paramount question in every Balkan State. Although her aggressive and interfering

¹ In 1880, for a brief period, Bismarck indulged in a policy of pin-pricks towards Russia by means of the Press, which published inspired anti-Russian articles; but it was only a temporary relapse from his usual attitude to show his independence, which no other German statesman has dared imitate.

policy ended by alienating the sympathies of the majority of the peoples whom she had liberated from the Turkish yoke her influence was still enormous, and every Balkan parliament was divided into Russophobes and Russophils. There was a general apprehension that Russia would in the end absorb the whole of the peninsula; this view was common to friend and foe alike, and the only difference of opinion was as to whether it were wiser to resist Russian encroachments in the hope of putting off the evil day and trusting in the jealousy of other Powers, or to resign oneself to the inevitable, and make the best terms with the future dominator of the Balkans. There was not a quarrel between rival parties or nationalities in which Russia through her consuls and agents did not play some part and exercise influence; and this influence, far from being carried on in deep secrecy by marvellously clever diplomats, as sensational and awestruck journalists told us, was flaunted openly by blustering, tactless agents in such a manner as to excite the greatest possible opposition. Although Austria had of late years taken an increasingly active interest in Balkan affairs, the general impression was that, even though she might be co-operating with Russia, she was merely doing the latter's bidding, and would have to content herself with any crumbs which her all-powerful rival-ally might see fit to throw to her.

In Asia Russia enjoyed similar influence. Her conquests in Central Asia, her encroachments on China, and the ruthless severity with which she treated all who opposed her, created a profound impression among the natives, and the fame of her exploits and the terror of her name was spread from bazaar to bazaar throughout the East. Travellers in that part of the world, both within the Russian dominions and beyond the borders, were of opinion that in the native mind Russia was far stronger than England. Colonel Younghusband, for instance, wrote as follows on the subject:

Even if they have not really got the greater strength, the Russians succeed better in producing an impression of it than do the British. Their numbers in Central Asia are really very small, but they are much more

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numerous in proportion to the numbers of natives than are the British in India. Then again the Russians, when they strike, strike very heavily; and when they advance they do not go back, as the British generally find some plausible reason for doing. Moreover, they have subjugated people who were easy to conquer, and the general result of all this, and of the rumours of untold legions of soldiers stationed in Russia proper, is to impress the Oriental mind with the idea that the Russians have a greater strength in comparison with the British, than they perhaps actually have.¹

In India itself Russia had a very great prestige among the natives, to whom her name was one of awful and mysterious significance, and Englishmen, both military and civil, were in perpetual anxiety as to a possible Russian invasion. Every movement of troops on the Afghan border, every attempt to spread Russian influence in Afghanistan and Persia, caused the liveliest apprehension, and although not openly admitted, there was a deep-down feeling in all classes that an attack by such vast armies as Russia was supposed capable of putting into the field would be very difficult to resist. The prospect of a war with Russia on the Indian frontier was almost too terrible to contemplate.

Further East there was the same dread of Russia and confidence in her destinies; her absorption of Northern China and Manchuria, and her predominance over the whole of the Middle Kingdom, was generally regarded as a foregone conclusion by all save the Japanese, who alone understood Russia's real weakness.

Now, in consequence of the collapse of Russia in the Far East, the eyes of the world have at last been opened, and the realisation of the real position of the Empire is bound to exercise the most widespread effect on world politics. The Russian spectre is laid, and new forces and influences are coming into play. In Europe the first result of the new order of things will, I think, be an increase of German influence, at least in certain directions. Germany, once the pressure on her eastern

¹ "The Heart of a Continent," 3rd ed. pp. 310-311. This passage refers particularly to the state of affairs at Kashgar in 1890-91.

frontier is relaxed, is free to devote herself to a policy which a year and a half ago would have aroused the opposition of Russia, and would, therefore, not have been attempted. She now feels able to adopt a very different attitude towards the France of to-day to that which she had felt obliged to adopt in the palmy days of the Franco-Russian alliance. The first manifestation of the change is seen in her Morocco policy; for years Germany had been seeking for some outlet wherein to develop German interests and prepare the way for an eventual German colony. She has cast covetous eyes on South America, South Africa, China, and Asia Minor in turn. But for a variety of reasons, among which Russian opposition was important, no definite policy could be carried out as yet in any of these directions. There remained Morocco, where, however, French opposition was to be feared, and France was backed up by Russia; but as soon as the collapse of Russia in the Far East destroyed the value of her assistance and the fear of her enmity, Germany at once initiated a forward move. The result will largely depend on the real strength of the Anglo-French *entente* when put to the test. It is by no means improbable that we shall also witness a revival of German activity in Asia Minor and in other parts of Turkey, which Germany had ear-marked for her own, although Russia had hitherto been the chief opponent of Teutonic influence, and the railway policy which had been in abeyance for some time will now be actively pushed once more. On the other hand, we must remember that Germany has always had two distinct Russian policies; and that if, as the rival of France, and as an aspirant after predominance in Austria and the Near East she has been opposed to Russia and feared a Russian attack, on the other hand, as the rival of England, she was inclined to seek Russia's friendship. It has been the constant practice of her diplomacy and of her "inspired" press to stir up bad feeling, or, rather, to increase the existing bad feeling, between England and Russia, and to flaunt the possibility of a Russo-German alliance, to make England's "flesh creep." She

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encouraged Russia in her Asiatic adventures against England, and against Japan as England's ally, and throughout the war her Government has shown strong sympathy with Russia, which took the form of practical assistance in the way of coal-
ing facilities, the sale of transports and arms of all kinds, and large loans. As long as Russia had a chance of victory Germany did all she could to help her, and to pose as her only friend; but the moment the Eastern neighbour is hopelessly beaten Germany is ready to take advantage of its collapse to further such of her own interests as clashed with those of Russia.

In Austria the first effect of Russia's defeat has been to strengthen the centrifugal forces and to accentuate the conflict between the two halves of the Monarchy, because, at all events according to popular opinion, the chief danger which separation would entail is removed. The Hungarians, no longer afraid of being crushed by Russia, are readier than before to contemplate secession from the Habsburg Monarchy. That such a move would be wise we may well doubt, for the substitution of two weak States for one large one will offer opportunities for aggression on the part of other Powers beside Russia.

South of the Carpathians and the Save the earlier defeats of Russia created widespread anxiety, because it was feared that her loss of prestige in the Far East would lead to a policy of more active interference in the near future, and some "adventure" on the part of the Black Sea Fleet as a set-off against Port Arthur was regarded as not improbable. The Turks expected a Russian attack, and the Bulgarians feared that Russia would provoke war between themselves and Turkey, interfere on their behalf, and end by reducing them to a state of vassalage. Everywhere among the weaker Powers there was a fear that Russia, exasperated and humiliated beyond endurance, might run amok. More recent developments, especially the internal troubles and the mutiny of the Black Sea Squadron, which, to the Balkan States and to Turkey, who had no navies to speak of, was the most

formidable weapon of offence, have somewhat mitigated this danger.

But it is in the Middle East that the defeat of Russia will produce the most interesting developments. I have alluded to Russia's great prestige among the natives both of her own Central Asiatic territory and of the neighbour lands of Persia, Afghanistan, and India itself. To maintain this prestige is very important for Russia, apart from any schemes of expansion, for she is a great Mohammedan Power, the greatest, indeed, after Great Britain, Turkey, and China, having some 15,000,000 Moslem subjects. But in many parts of the territories occupied by them Russian rule rests upon a somewhat insecure foundation. In the Caucasus, which has never been thoroughly pacified, the events of the Far East have provoked serious troubles, more serious, probably, than the public is aware of; for besides the sporadic outbreaks at Baku, Erivan, and Nakhitchewan, there is open rebellion in some of the mountain districts where Russia's writ no longer runs. Just as the tales of Russia's might and of her terrible severity to her foes were spread abroad throughout Asia, so now in every bazaar from Constantinople to Kashgar the tale of her defeats is told and wondered at. Everywhere men are beginning to ask themselves whether Russia is so great and terrible after all. I do not suggest that even in her present crippled state she could not quell a Moslem rebellion, but the mere fact that her power is doubted may cause very serious trouble and entail heavy sacrifices. In Central Asia the garrisons have been strengthened ever since the commencement of the war, quite as much with a view to a possible agitation among the fanatical Mohammedans as with the intention of making a "demonstration" on the Afghan frontier, although doubtless the latter possibility was also contemplated. Throughout the Russian Empire there is active discontent, especially among the non-Russian peoples who have felt the weight of Russia's hand, and the Mohammedan races are always liable to outbursts of fanaticism against Christians. There is a sort of

freemasonry among Mohammedans regardless of racial distinctions, a solidarity comparable with that of mediæval Europe under the Holy Roman Empire and the Catholic Church. Consequently there is always the danger that Russia, in order to restore her prestige in Asia before the effects of the Manchurian disasters are thoroughly realised, may indulge in some policy of adventure either against Turkey, whom she is sure she can defeat, or by further advance in Central Asia or Persia. Such a policy would not only be comparatively easy and would revive the respect for Russian arms among her own Mohammedans and those outside her borders, but it might arouse the patriotic enthusiasm of the Russian people, who can understand a holy war against Mohammedans and Turks, although they had no sympathy with the Manchurian policy. Hence it behoves all those Powers who are interested in the Middle and Near East, and who would view with disfavour further Russian conquests in that direction, to be well on their guard.

The effect produced by the Japanese victories on the native mind in India is a subject of very interesting speculation just now, but one extremely difficult to gauge even by those who have a thorough knowledge of native Indian opinion. It has been said in some quarters that Japan's triumph over Russia will appeal to the people of India, whether Hindu or Mohammedan, as a victory of an Asiatic over a European nation, and that it may encourage their nationalist feelings against the British Raj. I do not venture to express a definite opinion on such a question, but from all that is generally known of the East it does not seem very likely that among a collection of peoples differing so widely from each other in race, language and religion, as do the natives of India, who have not even the idea of a nationality common to all the inhabitants of the Peninsula, a feeling so vague as that of "Asiatic solidarity" can have any practical effect. It has no doubt been mooted at times by the native press, and may be discussed by Babus, but it is hardly

probable that it can impress the fighting tribes of the North, and still less the people of Afghanistan. The success of Japan may have certain effects on educated Indians, effects on the whole of a desirable kind, in supplying them with admirable models and ideals to which to aspire; but that it can persuade the people of India as a whole not only that they are a nation, but a nation akin to the Japanese, and therefore capable of shaking off alien rule and of doing what the Japanese have done, seems a very far-fetched notion. The native races of India and the Middle East oscillated between confidence in England and confidence in Russia, with a tendency, at all events outside British dominions, in favour of the former, not from sympathy, but from a belief in her greater material strength, the manifestations of which they were more capable of appreciating than the blessings of British rule. Of the other European and Asiatic nations they had but the vaguest notions; England and Russia were the only two Powers of whom they knew something, from being in contact with them. The course of the present war has merely shown them that Russia is much weaker than they supposed, and that she has been defeated by a Power hitherto unknown to them, but the ally of England. British prestige should certainly revive, at least negatively, owing to the defeat of her rival.

But no accurate forecast of Russia's foreign policy after the war can be made until the internal situation of the country becomes clearer. Everything will depend on the character of the future Russian government. If the autocracy succeeds in suppressing the Liberal movement altogether, Russian foreign policy, remaining in the same hands, will be weaker perhaps than before, but equally adventurous, disturbing to the peace of the world, and unreliable. Expansion or "peaceful penetration" will doubtless be pursued as usual along the line of least resistance in Persia, in Asia Minor, in the Balkans, in Austria, in Western China, perhaps in Norway. But in view of present circumstances such a result does not seem at all probable. If Russia emerges from her present state into the light of modern civili-

sation and methods of government, a wiser policy of retrenchment and reform, of *recueillement* and internal development, will probably be followed, and indefinite expansion and reckless political extravagance will give place, for a long time to come, to a saner and more peaceful policy. A Liberal Russia, unlike revolutionary France, should not, I think, adopt an aggressive attitude, for the Russian character is lacking in that proselytising spirit which resulted in the Napoleonic wars. At the same time the liberalisation of Russia will have one effect on international politics of a most desirable kind. Russia has hitherto stood for despotism and reaction, and as a bulwark against liberal ideas throughout Europe. Russian example was the chief encouragement to reactionary tendencies, especially in Germany and Austria. In Germany, the apparent success and efficiency of Russian methods of government made the mouths of the Berlin bureaucrats water, and a sort of international solidarity of autocracy was established, which, although allowed at times to fall into abeyance, has revived periodically from the days of the Holy Alliance to the Dreikaiserbund and the Austro-Russian agreement in the Balkans. Within very recent times this tendency has become more and more manifested in the division of Europe into the Western progressive Powers—England, France, and Italy—and the three non-Liberal military Empires of Russia, Germany, and Austria. The same principle which led to the intervention of the Czar Nicholas in favour of Austria against the Hungarian rebels in 1849, has resulted in German support of the Sultan's misgovernment in Turkey, and the friendly assistance given to Russia in stamping out Liberalism (see, for instance, the attempt on the part of the Prussian Government to procure a condemnation of the Russian revolutionists in the Königsberg trials). The defeat of Russia weakens the autocratic principle throughout Europe in a negative sense; the conversion of Russia to Liberal principles would be a positive gain to civilisation, and "count two in a division."

The progress of Russia towards freedom is now, I venture

to believe, an assured fact, and this should be a cause of satisfaction to all right-minded people, especially in England. But there is the danger that the present period of chaos may be indefinitely prolonged, and that in the interval the Russian Foreign Office, naturally the last department of the public service to be subjected to any form of popular control, may in a state of desperation and of loss of balance plunge into some other mad folly, which, even if unsuccessful in the end from Russia's point of view, may prove extremely troublesome and inconvenient to the Powers concerned, and perhaps involve the whole of Europe in a general war. Russia, although greatly weakened, is by no means annihilated, and is capable of much greater efforts than is generally supposed. But in spite of a possible clash of interests there is no reason why England and Russia should be eternal enemies. England and France were so considered until the spell was broken by the *entente cordiale*, and there is nothing to prevent some understanding being now arrived at between England and France's ally. There is none of that bitter race hatred between Russians and Englishmen such as there is between Germans and Englishmen. One of the chief causes of disagreement was Russia's aggressive policy in the Far East, and that is now eliminated. There remain other questions, it is true; but when one of the most serious is removed the task of conciliation should be rendered easier, especially if Russia, on emerging from the terrible plight into which the folly of her bureaucrats have led her, should take her place as a progressive nation. Russian aspirations towards the overlordship of the Far East, if not over the whole of Asia, and towards absolute predominance in Europe, are incompatible with the aspirations of other Powers. Now that those vain plans are shattered the balance of power in the Far East is restored, and divided between England, Japan, and the United States, with freedom of trade and equality of opportunity to all nations. In Europe the breakdown of Russia opens up a prospect of another danger, that of German hegemony, which, if realised,

would be as disastrous to the peace of the world as was the prospect of Russian hegemony. Pan-Germanism, which aims at the absorption of Holland, Switzerland, Austria, and even Hungary, and at predominance throughout the Balkans and Asia Minor, is an even greater danger to peace, progress, and freedom than was Pan-Slavism. It is for this reason above all others that an understanding between the Western Powers and Russia, a Liberal Russia that is to say, is desirable. It is in the highest interests of every nation that each should have room to develop its ideals and legitimate aspirations, and that no one of them should wield absolute predominance over the others. Universal dominion is an institution which England has consistently opposed from the days of the Spanish Armada to those of Napoleon, primarily from self-interest no doubt, but a self-interest which corresponded with the real interests of all other Powers as well. It was given to Japan to defeat Russia's attempt at universal hegemony; but now it is the duty of the Western Powers, together with the United States and Japan, to resist any other Power that should attempt to take up Russia's baneful heritage. The temporary disablement of Russia has freed the world from the Muscovite incubus, but in our relief at this benefit we must not be blind to other and no less dangerous forces which are coming into play. The disruptive tendencies in Austria-Hungary and in Scandinavia are also the outcome of Russia's collapse, and Germany will certainly try to profit by the altered state of things on the diplomatic chessboard, not only at Russia's expense but at that of every other Power. England is threatened in the Middle East, in her various colonial possessions, and on the high seas; France in Morocco; Austria in her very existence; the Balkan States in their freedom; while for Italy there is always looming in the background the danger of a German Trieste and a German Pola, and perhaps a German Avlona, which would mean *Finis Italiae*. Hence it is now most urgent that the Liberal forces, who are opposed to all "one-man shows," should co-operate as guardians of the peace and of the open

door. The Anglo-Franco-Italian understanding on the one hand, and the Anglo-Japanese alliance on the other are the best guarantees of peace for the present ; but they must be consolidated and extended, and the friendly action of the United States assured, together with that of the New Russia, which, Phœnix-like, is arising on the ashes of the old Muscovite bureaucracy. Thus alone can the grave problems arising in connection with the changes in the Far East, with the coming crisis in the Balkans, with the Austrian problem, and with Morocco, be faced with equanimity, and with the assurance that all nations shall have equal opportunity of development and of fulfilling their legitimate aspirations.

L. VILLARI

ALPHONSE DAUDET

CHARM was the pervading personal atmosphere of the graceful, subtle novelist who has delighted the world with "Les Rois en Exil," "Numa Roumestan," "Le Nabab," and other admirably artistic works.

A thorough meridional, Alphonse Daudet might at first sight appear to be himself of the type which he satirises in "Numa Roumestan," when he puts into the mouth of that worthy the remarkable saying: "When I am not talking I am not thinking." Capricious, impulsive, generous to a fault, sensitive, mobile, of fiery temper, given to exaggeration, to what is termed in vulgar parlance "drawing the long bow," gay, apparently incapable of sustained effort, such was Alphonse Daudet in his youth. Nevertheless, behind the froth and ferment which he shared with many of his young countrymen from what he terms "the stony South," was the mysterious attribute of genius which made him a being apart, and drove him into paths where their careless erratic footsteps could never follow him.

His genius! It brooded in his eyes when they became dreamy, and did not even see objects naturally within the small range of their short-sighted vision; it led him away from the song, the laughter, and the brilliant lights, to where he could be alone and hear its voice in the silence, and sometimes it became keen and observant, and he knew—though the face of the man speaking to him was dim to his sight—

exactly what his features must be, or became like the great Balzac a "voyant," and by the power of imagination quitted his own personality for that of some other being, possibly of some poor vagabond whom he had gazed at with pity and curiosity. This pity, and exquisite sympathy with suffering, this indulgence towards his fellows, was perhaps the keynote of the extraordinary attraction which the French Dickens, the author of "*Le Petit Chose*" and "*Jack*" exercised over his contemporaries.

His personal beauty, which was in his youth remarkable, no doubt also helped to draw hearts to him. Theodore de Banville, in his "*Camées Parisiens*," after describing with enthusiasm his warm amber-coloured skin, and straight silken eyebrows, his burning and liquid eyes lost in dreams, his small delicate ears and abundant hair, says:

With this extraordinary physique Alphonse Daudet might in justice have been an idiot; instead of that, he is the most delicate and sensitive of our poets. Why was he not also a millionaire like Rothschild? It would not have cost him much more while he was about the business of making paradoxes.

Certainly, as Zola remarked, all the good fairies were present at Daudet's cradle, and the wicked fairy of tradition was sternly kept at the door, so that blessings only were showered on the head of the future author of "*Contes du Lundi*" and of "*Froment jeune et Risler aîné*."

As a young man he was wild and dissipated. Tavern brawls, Bohemian wanderings, lively suppers, nothing came amiss to the precociously gifted youth who was tingling with eager curiosity for new impressions and fresh experiences, and to whom life was so highly fraught with interest that it was impossible to limit or stint himself till he should have seen and tasted everything at her varied banquet.

Nevertheless his experiences in Bohemia seem never to have hardened or coarsened him, there was always something refined and almost feminine in his composition, he was to the end the elusive delicate "*Petit Chose*," whose

sensitive soul languished in a loveless atmosphere, and trembled at a harsh word, while at the same time, by a strange dualism of nature, he slyly poked fun at himself and observed those around him with the unerring eye of a keen physiologist. Even the critic who was annoyed by his susceptibility to everything which was not indiscriminating praise of his works, could not find it in his heart to be really brutal to *le Petit Chose*; for about him lingered the charm with which those little gems of diction entitled "*Lettres de mon Moulin*" and "*Contes du Lundi*" are redolent. It seemed needlessly harsh to criticise ruthlessly one who had the strange power of enabling you to see with him, who took his readers completely into his confidence, and while laughing gently at himself, made them feel—for feeling is everything with Daudet—that he understood them and their compeers, and expected a like comprehension and sympathy on their part.

Later on, when a happy marriage had steadied and strengthened him, success had given him confidence, and pain, that great educator, had become his constant companion; when he observed mankind as one of his contemporaries remarked "from a cross," the impression we receive of Alphonse Daudet is more virile and imposing than in his younger days.

He had become the guide and adviser of his sons, and their most intimate and sympathetic friend; but besides his paternal office proper he was father confessor to many an unfortunate whom he hardly knew, but who had been attracted by reports of the successful writer's ready sympathy and kindness of heart. His sensitiveness, quick intuitions, and early struggles had taught him much, and in his later years he was seldom deceived, his short-sighted eyes saw almost unerringly; and he had learnt to distinguish between the true sufferer and the man who spoke with what he called the "*voix de gorge*," and who was dismissed with the irony of which Daudet was master. But for the truly unfortunate his pity and comprehension were

infinite, "son regard réchauffait" his son says, and his delicate tact taught him when to speak and when to be silent, and guided him even to the psychological moment when it was kind not to look at the sufferer, but to pretend to hunt for papers on a crowded writing-table.

He loved to picture himself when his own work in life should be over as a "marchand de bonheur." Most men were, he said, somnambulists, who wandered unseeing through life, never realising the right path, and knocking their heads against obstacles which it would have been easy to avoid. The work of the "marchand de bonheur" would be to gain the confidence of these blunderers by gentleness, and—suiting his advice to the exigencies of each case—to show the sufferer that there is always a meaning in the affairs of life, always a method by which they may be turned to the best advantage.

His pity for poverty and suffering often took very practical forms. During his last years, when he could not walk without help, and drove every day in the Champs Elysées or in the Quai de Béthune, he would always choose the shabbiest cab from the stand, the one that he thought no one else would hire.

I remember [says his son, who tells the story] a very old coachman who drove with difficulty a very old horse, and sat on the shaky box of a fantastic cab like what one sees in a nightmare. My father had adopted this melancholy conveyance, and we were sure to see it jolting towards us when we turned into the Rue Bellechasse. The old driver on his side had become fond of the easy client who never objected to slowness or to dirt. One of the last times that we employed him before he was submerged in the depths of Paris, we found that the happy idea had struck him of writing A.D. in red ink on the panels and windows in order to announce that he belonged to the person who had taken pity on him.

Alphonse Daudet had known misery himself, for his childhood and youth were passed in the midst of constant anxiety about money matters. In "Le Petit Chose" he gives an account of these early years, his father and mother, and his devoted brother Ernest, being faithfully depicted. Alphonse

was born at Nîmes on May 13, 1840, and was the third son of his parents. His eldest brother Henri became professor at the College of the Assumption at Nîmes and died at the age of 24, just before taking Orders. Ernest, the second, the Mère Jacques of "Le Petit Chose," was three years older than Alphonse and was his constant companion, his protector, and devoted slave. In 1848 the Daudet family was completed by a little girl, who eventually married Madame Alphonse Daudet's brother.

The Daudets were of lowly origin, Alphonse Daudet's grandfather, a simple peasant, having come down from the little village of Concoules in the Cevennes at the beginning of the Revolution of 1789, and settled in Nîmes as a weaver. He nearly lost his life during the Terror, for he dared to express pity for some Beaucaire artisans accused of Royalist tendencies, whom he met on their way to the scaffold, and it was with difficulty that he escaped from the hands of the infuriated crowd. He was a successful man, he opened a shop and made a small fortune. Vincent, Alphonse Daudet's father, was his fourth child. Vincent was a man of ambition, as was sufficiently indicated by his dress. His tight coat and white cravat made him look, his son Ernest remarks, "like a magistrate," and showed plainly that he intended to leave the peasant class far behind him, and aspired to become a pillar of the Nîmes bourgeoisie. He was ambitious too in his marriage, for surely it was an audacious idea to hope for the hand of a member of the distinguished Reynaud family, who were at the head of the commerce of Nîmes, who possessed a country house in the Ardèche Mountains, and who in 1829, when he wooed the eldest of the "demoiselles Reynaud," were at the height of their prosperity.

However, in spite of opposition, he succeeded in his suit, and Adeline became Madame Vincent Daudet. Delicate, romantic, unpractical, she was not an ideal wife for a struggling man, and her sons' recollections of her seem to be chiefly summed up in the fact that she was more interested in reading

novels than in the ordinary affairs of life, and that in the days of misfortune she was always in tears.

However, during the first few years of Alphonse Daudet's life his father's affairs were tolerably flourishing, and life was cheerful in the Maison Sabran, that little grey house which Daudet describes in "Numa Roumestan" as his hero's birth-place, and which faced on to the Petit Cours, where all the Nîmes commotions took place. The inhabitants of Nîmes were like other good meridionals, extremely inflammable, and often the cry "Zou, zou," which was the signal for battle, would be heard in the cool of the evening, and the nurse would hurry the little Daudets into the house. Then crowds of weavers would pour out of the royalist quarter and a fight would ensue, and, as the police never interfered, would continue till the combatants disappeared, or grew tired of throwing stones at each other. Daudet's books abound in allusions to his early years, and the account of Élysée Méraut's youth in "Les Rois en Exil," of the royalist traditions with which he was surrounded, and of the street fights between Catholics and Huguenots, in which even the children joined, is the record of his own childish experiences.

A knowledge of the excitable meridional temperament was thus early stamped upon Alphonse Daudet's mind, and he already began unconsciously to collect material which would in the future be used in portraying Élysée Méraut, Numa Roumestan and the Nabab, those masterly studies of "L'Homme du Midi."

The little Alphonse was a fragile, pretty child, with large brown eyes and delicate features. His short sight involved him in many dangers, so that at different times he narrowly escaped being burnt, drowned, poisoned, or crushed, and he inherited a very hot temper from his father and his two grandmothers, so that he was a difficult child to educate. The first few years of his life passed uneventfully in the rooms above the shop in the old Maison Sabran. The children had many toys given them by the kind old grandfather Reynaud, they

were taken for occasional excursions into the country, and the Beaucaire fair, which Daudet describes graphically in "Numa Roumestan," was a yearly delight. Even before he and his brother Ernest were allowed to go to it they looked forward eagerly to its advent, for in their parents' absence they had the run of the house, and once, instead of toys, their father brought back "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Swiss Family Robinson" from the fair. Alphonse was fascinated by Defoe's masterpiece, which he studied every evening after supper, and all day he enacted the part of Crusoe, while the concierge's son impersonated Friday. Those were delightful games!

In 1844 the Daudets moved to the Maison de Vallonge, and soon afterwards grave trouble came upon them. For two years Vincent Daudet's business had not prospered, and when old M. Reynaud died in 1848 it was discovered that his sons had squandered his fortune, and that the money on which Vincent had counted to help him to tide over his difficulties would not be forthcoming. He was furious with his brothers-in-law, and talked of bringing an action against them, while his wife wept continually at the breach in the family, and at her husband's distress and indignation. It was a miserable household. In "Le Petit Chose," Alphonse Daudet speaks thus of this father at this time:

Suddenly M. Eyssette became terrible. His was naturally an inflammatory, violent, exaggerated nature, given to shouting, breaking, and storming. In reality he was an excellent man, only quick with his hands, loud in his speech, and actuated by an imperative desire to make those around him tremble. Evil fortune exasperated instead of cowing him. From morning till night his was a formidable anger, which not knowing on whom to vent itself attacked everything, the sun, the mistral, Jacques, the old Annou, the Revolution, oh, above all, the Revolution!

Nevertheless, whatever his faults of temper, Vincent Daudet was, according to his lights, a good father, and however severely he had to stint himself to find the necessary money, he kept firmly to the principle that his sons must have the best education that it was possible for him to provide for them. At

Nîmes their instruction was at first confided to the Frères de la Doctrine chrétienne, of whose stringent methods of discipline Daudet tells in "Numa Roumestan"; but before the crash came and the family left Nîmes this school had become too expensive, and the boys had been sent to one of more modest calibre.

In the spring of 1849 the family moved to Lyons, the city, according to Alphonse Daudet, of sooty skies and continual mists, and poor Mme. Daudet was inconsolable at her separation from friends, relations, and all reminding her of the sunny south. Black times followed for the whole family, who felt exiled in what to them was a cold, damp, northern city. Business, too, did not prosper, and it soon became necessary to move from their modest fourth floor apartment in the Rue Lafont and to find a lodging in a dark old house in a badly-paved alley close to the Rhone. The situation was not very healthy, for whenever the river overflowed its banks the doorway and part of the staircase were submerged, and the inhabitants could only leave the house in boats. Among these gloomy surroundings several miserable years were spent, years in which debts accumulated, bankruptcy continually threatened the unfortunate Vincent Daudet, and his temper grew ever harsher under the strain and humiliation of constant failure to meet his liabilities.

At Lyons the boys were sent first as sizars to the monastic school of St. Pierre. Here they learnt nothing, as all their time was passed in the discharge of their duties as choir-boys. Their next move was to the Lyons Lycée, where their shabby clothes exposed them to acute humiliations, but where Alphonse at least distinguished himself and was looked upon as a most promising pupil. He was not model in his behaviour, as his work was intermittent, long days being spent in playing truant, when he would unloose some boat from its moorings and row on the river till he was utterly exhausted. He loved the water, the sense of freedom and adventure, and the escape from the gloomy home, where the father was always scolding

and the mother in tears ; but the small boy struggling with a heavy boat was often in the utmost danger, and these days of forbidden pleasure entailed a system of duplicity to which his brother Ernest was often privy. Sometimes, too, he fell in with bad companions and went through strange adventures, coming home pale and exhausted, and occasionally even intoxicated with absinthe. The episode in the "Contes du Lundi," entitled "Le Pape est Mort," gives an account of one of these river excursions. His genius was precocious and already yearned for material and for means of expansion, and he would follow strangers through the streets trying to guess their occupations, to enter into their minds and read their thoughts. His reading, too, was at this time omnivorous, and his vigils for this purpose were prolonged far into the night.

The death of the eldest brother, of which a graphic account is given in the chapter entitled "Il est mort ! Priez pour lui" in "Le Petit Chose," further deepened the gloom of the melancholy home ; and the only ray of happiness which visited the two boys at this time was their invincible trust in their literary vocation, and in the great future which awaited them. A love for books seems to have been born with them, and writing verses came naturally to Alphonse. At the age of thirteen he astonished his master by the excellence of an ode, entitled "The Praise of Homer," which had been set as a school task, and by the time he was fifteen he had composed several poems which may be found in the volume called "Les Amoureuses," among them being "La Vierge à la Crèche," and "Les Petits Enfants," both remarkable compositions for a boy. About the same time he wrote a novel, "Léo et Chrétienne Fleury," which his brother says showed all the grace, wit, and freshness of style of his later works. Mayery, the editor of the *Royalist Gazette de Lyon*, accepted it for his paper, and was amazed that it had been written by a boy of fifteen ; but unfortunately the *Gazette* was suppressed by the Imperial police, and the precious MSS. disappeared.

Alphonse was already a local celebrity, and apparently

enjoyed the *rôle*, when a sad change took place in his fortunes. His parents could not pay the fees for his final school examination, and therefore settled that he should enter the college at Alais as usher. He was only sixteen years old, delicate, and small for his age, and the year spent in Alais was the most unhappy in his life. The masters refused to uphold his authority, and the boys played him cruel tricks, so that after a day's misery he would hide himself in bed and bite his coverlet that his tormentors should not hear his sobs, and long after he had left the college he would wake in the night in tears—dreaming that he was still usher and martyr. There was now no home in Lyons, for soon after Alphonse's departure to Alais his father had been forced to abandon the hopeless struggle, to sell his stock, give up business on his own account, and compound as well as he could with his creditors. Vincent Daudet became traveller for a firm of wine merchants, his wife and daughter were given a home by her sister, and Ernest, who had worked gallantly—first as assistant bookkeeper to his father, then as receiver of pledges in a pawnbroker's shop, and last as clerk in a forwarding office—went to Paris in the hope of making his fortune by writing. He had introductions, he obtained work on the staff of an Orleanist newspaper *Le Spectateur*, at £8 a month, and at once sent for his younger brother, whose miserable letters had filled him with dismay.

Alphonse Daudet arrived in Paris on November 1, 1857, in a half frozen and starved condition. A little felt hat was perched on the top of his long frizzy hair, he was shod in goloshes, and wore a shabby summer suit as he possessed no winter clothes. During the forty-eight hours journey from Alais he had had nothing to eat or to drink except some brandy and water which some sailors had charitably offered him. His brother met him at the station, and after giving him a meal, took him to the garret they were to share in the house grandiloquently called the Hôtel du Sénat in the Rue de Tournon.

So began Daudet's career in Paris, and he tells many stories about his experiences in "Souvenirs d'un homme de Lettres," and "Trente ans de Paris." There he speaks of his timid wanderings while his brother was at work, of his joy and pride if he chanced to have the opportunity of exchanging a few words with a literary celebrity, of his excursions into Bohemian society, his first sight of Gambetta, his fruitless visits to publishers, and his delight at the discovery at last of one who consented to publish "Les Amoureuses."

We also hear of his first party, which also entailed his first evening coat. It was at Augustine Brohan's house, and he owed his invitation to the appearance of his book of poems. The affair was not a success as far as he was concerned. No one knew him, and owing to his short sight and nervousness he knocked over a number of glasses on the refreshment table, and was too shy after the accident to eat anything. Finally he was mistaken for a Wallachian prince who was expected; and to escape from the embarrassing dignity thrust upon him by this error, he fled from the house in a snowstorm, and his wardrobe not including a great coat, arrived at the Rue de Tournon wet through, having done himself no good by the expedition, as Ernest sagely remarked next morning.

Both brothers were sometimes locked out of their room all night by the landlord because they were not able to pay the rent, and Alphonse was so miserably poor that he could not buy himself boots, and often had to wear dirty linen because no money was forthcoming for the washerwoman. Nevertheless he began to be known to a small section of the Parisian world, and in "Trente ans de Paris" he gives a vivid and amusing picture of the humours of several of the so-called literary salons to which he was admitted about this time. He had become a regular contributor to the *Figaro*, and this in itself showed that he had attained to a certain status as a writer.

Good fortune awaited him from another quarter, as one of his poems, "Les Prunes," was recited before the Empress at

the Tuileries, and she inquired about the circumstances of the author. When she heard that he was starving in a garret, she requested the President of the Legislative body to find some occupation for the talented young man, and the Comte de Morny therefore gave Alphonse Daudet the post of attaché du cabinet, a sinecure, to which a handsome salary was attached. He had now ample opportunity for continuing his literary work in comfort, without the fear of starvation before his eyes.

His privations, however, had affected his health, and he spent the winter of 1861 in Algeria, and that of 1862 in Corsica, collecting in both places material for future novels.

In 1867 a change took place in his life, as he married Mlle. Julia Allard, a few months after falling in love with her at his parents' house, where he saw her for the first time, and dressed in white she recited some verses composed by herself. She had already noticed him at the theatre on the occasion of the performance of De Goncourt's unsuccessful drama "Henriette Maréchal," and had been much struck by his appearance, so that on both sides it was a case of love at first sight.

Daudet owed much of his success as a writer, as well as his happiness in life, to his marriage. Madame Alphonse Daudet was, as he always said, essentially a "Femme du Nord," and her prudence, caution, and good sense, were invaluable to her impetuous husband, whose good-nature and generosity were often grievously abused by his so-called friends. She was herself a writer, besides being a critic of considerable powers, and De Goncourt gives a charming picture of the husband and wife at work together; he writing, and she revising, while little Léon, their eldest child, carried the pages from one to the other.

Her husband discussed everything he wrote with her, and he tells us that from morning to night, at meals, going to the theatre, driving from an evening party, his questions went on ceaselessly: "What do you think about my making Sidonie

die? Shall I let Risler live? What shall Délobelle or Frantz or Claire say to each other?"

She had very decided views about style, which she considered the one essential in writing, and it was owing to her influence that her volatile husband often toiled for hours at the perfecting of a few sentences, and thus became a consummate stylist. Nevertheless her household duties came first in her scheme of life, the home was managed with economy and comfort, and in its dainty neatness bore the impress of her care and attention; while she was an admirable mother, and acted as tutor to her children till they were old enough to go to school.

Her marriage must have been a startling change to her, and she showed considerable strength of mind as well as affection for her fascinating husband, when coming straight from a correct bourgeois home she adapted herself without complaint to a Bohemian household, and to continual incursions of Daudet's noisy, lively friends, who would borrow anything from money to a pair of trousers. Of his occasional visits to the pawnbroker she did not know till long afterwards, when she heard of them with horror; but she was sometimes saddened by his return late at night, his face bleeding from some street or tavern affray.

Gradually, however, her good influence made itself felt, and Daudet became an energetic though intermittent worker. Sometimes he would remain apparently idle for months, but when inspiration visited him he would rise before daybreak and often write for eighteen consecutive hours, being so absorbed in his labour that he was unconscious whether it were night or day. The war of 1870, during which he served as member of the National Guard and was made Knight of the Legion of Honour, first made him think seriously of life, and he reflected sadly that if he were to die he would leave nothing worth remembering behind him. "*Les Amoureuses*," one or two not very successful plays, "*Lettres de mon Moulin*" and "*Le Petit Chose*" were all that he had produced at this time. He

therefore put his shoulder to the wheel, and in 1874 appeared "Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné," which many people consider to be his masterpiece. In the account of this novel, which he gives in "Trente ans de Paris," he relates his usual methods of writing.

Like Zola, the De Goncourts, and the rest of the so-called realist school, he always carried with him a little black mole-skin book in which he scribbled notes on anything which might help him in his work; conversations, curious proper names, gestures, even intonations—all were included in that terrible "carnet." He copied the characters and details in his novels as far as possible directly from nature, and his father, mother, brother, and most of his relations became involuntarily his models. Sometimes he would not even change the proper name of his victim, and this method of work raised many enemies against him.

The resemblance between the works of Dickens and of Daudet is obvious, especially in the cases of "Le Petit Chose" and "David Copperfield" in each of which the author gives an account of his early sufferings and struggles. The two writers are alike in their intense pity for the poor and the unfortunate, and in the emotional character of their writings; though in the case of Daudet this is tempered by exquisite artistic judgment. It is remarkable, however, that Dickens far excels his French rival in the number and variety of the types he has created; and perhaps Daudet's multiplicity of notes, and his anxious care for truthfulness of detail, have sometimes interfered with his conception of his characters as a whole.

When Daudet had long thought over a projected novel, had studied and arranged the different parts till they fitted into each other like mosaic, and had arranged the chapters in his mind and felt that the characters were living, he would begin to write. He wrote in a copybook on one side of the page, and started rapidly, for the events and personages would crowd into his mind so that there was no time to pause for

corrections. The work was passed on to his faithful collaborator, returned to him for further revisions, and then rewritten on the blank side of the paper. Now came the real labour, for to write in Daudet's style entailed tireless exertion, and often the task of composing a few sentences, apparently of the utmost simplicity, would leave him utterly exhausted after several hours of mental strain.

His art was essentially picturesque, he was a painter in words, and his aim was to present to the reader not only the situation but also its psychological meaning. To do this not only swift intuition, but also an exquisite choice and arrangement of words, were necessary. By this means he secured the illusion of life, but sometimes he would see a certain scene with such insistence, that he must perforce reproduce it, whether it came naturally within the limits of his story or not.

Even in "Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné," which is one of the best planned of his novels, characters and episodes are introduced, which, though charming in themselves, seem extraneous to the story; and, therefore, to some readers Daudet's short sketches, "Lettres de mon Moulin," "Contes du Lundi," "Les femmes d'Artistes," and the series entitled "Robert Helmont," in all of which his admirable skill is expended on single episodes, appeal more strongly than his longer works. He is essentially a poet, he feels as well as sees, and we notice this especially in the stress he lays on his sensitiveness to the locality in which his different novels were written.

He tells us that when he returned to his native province in 1866 he was so powerfully affected by the memories of his youth evoked by his surroundings, that he wrote "Le Petit Chose," instead of continuing the drama he had retired into solitude to finish. Elsewhere he remarks that his apartment in the quiet old house in the Marais imparted the requisite atmosphere for his musings on "Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné"; and calls attention to the fact that "Les Rois en Exil"

was composed in a little tent on a balcony, in an old courtyard with grass growing between the worn stones, and picturesque houses all round.

His married life was passed partly in Paris, and partly at Champrosay, near Draveil, and was completely devoted to literature. He belonged to a small literary coterie consisting, beside himself, of Flaubert, Zola, Tourgueneff, and De Goncourt, and every month till Flaubert died the five met for "diner Flaubert" or "the diner des auteurs sifflés" which was held at different restaurants.

Those were delightful evenings, Daudet says, but catering for the repasts must have been rather difficult, as the dishes the company favoured were varied. Flaubert insisted on Normandy butter and stuffed Rouen ducks, Edmond de Goncourt required gingerbread, Zola was not happy without sea urchins or shell-fish, while Tourgueneff considered no meal satisfactory which did not include caviare.

However, they were all united in the great struggle which, according to Zola, the realistic novelist must wage against an ignorant public; were agreed in their contempt for the bourgeois; and considered that, in writing fiction, imagination must be a humble servant, never a master; and even when used in quite subordinate positions, must be regarded with suspicion. Had not its abuse led to the literature of romanticism, with its portrayal of "princes travelling incognito with their pockets full of diamonds," and like extravagances? An ubiquitous note-book and observant eyes were the principal requisites to success in fiction, and an artist must take himself and his art absolutely seriously, and never stoop to devices for pleasing an ignorant public.

Although he conformed to them outwardly, many of these views were modified in Daudet by the peculiar bent of his genius, and by the circumstances of his life. According to the theories which he enunciates in "*Les Femmes d'Artistes*," marriage is generally disastrous to an artist, who is wise to remain a bachelor and devote himself whole-heartedly to his

work. Yet by what he considered a miracle, the union between himself and his wife was very happy; and there is no doubt that his sympathies were enlarged, and his conceptions of life humanised, by the cheerful home and the companionship of his dearly loved children.

The fact also that he was essentially a poet, and was, therefore, according to Zola, subject to the semi-hallucination characteristic of those possessed of fervent imagination, made him stand slightly apart from the little company under whose flag he had enlisted himself. His innate refinement and keen sense of pity saved him from all that is brutal in realism, so that even when he attempted a subject like "Sapho," he treats it with delicacy, and without unpleasantness of detail.

What was sordid in realism became in his case simply pessimistic; and it is remarkable that though he charms us by wit and humour by the way, nearly all his novels end tragically, except "Le Petit Chose" and the delightful "Tartarins." . . . "Sapho" closes with the parting of the lovers and the ruin of the man's life; "Numa Roumestan" with the significant words "Joie de rue, douleur de maison"; "The Nabab" and "Les Rois en Exil" in each case with the disillusionment and death of the hero; "l'Evangéliste" with the separation of the mother and daughter; and "l'Immortel" in general disaster.

Possibly Daudet was afraid of pandering to the public, and thus of betraying the realist cause, if he were to write pretty stories which ended happily, and certainly his character possessed that undercurrent of melancholy, which is almost a necessary ingredient in the composition of a great humorist.

He—like the creations of his fancy—experienced the irony of fate; for at the height of his fame, when he was writing "Les Rois en Exil," he was suddenly seized with hæmorrhage, and appeared for some time to be in a dying condition. He recovered slowly; but he felt, he says, that something was broken in him, and that he would not in the future be able to treat his body like a rag, to deprive it of air and movement,

and in the fever of production to prolong his vigils all through the night.

Gradually, as the terrible malady of the spinal cord which had attacked him gained ground, he lost all power in his legs, and could not walk without support, or sleep without taking chloral. Sometimes he would wake in the morning to find his hands withered like leaves, and his last ten years were spent in such constant suffering, that he who had loved life with intensity, and possessed the best that it could give, often longed for death merely as a cessation from pain.

Nevertheless, though he passed through many dark hours, he was to the end the mainspring of happiness in the house, and his family could often only tell by a nervous contraction of the muscles of his face that his sufferings were specially severe, while his gaiety bubbled up with the slightest diminution of pain. He followed to the letter the advice which he gave to other invalids: "Distract your mind and struggle to the end. Do not tire out or worry those around you."

With his head up, and his eyes bright, he would welcome a friend as though nothing were the matter, and to the last would relate marvellous tales to his little daughter and grandson about the stick with a silver knob which was his constant companion, or would delight them by putting up his eye-glass to find the insect who had carried away the end of the story he was telling them.

He died suddenly during dinner, surrounded by his family, on December 16, 1897, being then fifty-seven years old.

M. F. SANDARS.

THE INCREASING POPULARITY OF THE EROTIC NOVEL

CIRCUMSTANCES necessitate my reading a great number of modern novels in the course of the year, and I am not alone in noticing that during the past five or six years the English novel of average merit has been steadily undergoing a change. It seems but yesterday that quite a big proportion of the ordinary reading public, by which I mean more particularly the circulating library public, professed to consider a number of works of fiction by the popular authoress known as "Ouida," and by one or two of her contemporaries, very "improper" indeed, and in many households that contained growing daughters of an inquisitive turn of mind watchful parents and guardians were ever on the alert to prevent any book whatever by those writers from being admitted into the family circle. To-day there may be said to be comparatively few schoolgirls well in their teens—and I don't make this assertion without having first of all gone carefully into the subject and made strict inquiries—who would not smile at the thought of exception being taken to their reading anything "Ouida" ever wrote. Nor is this to be wondered at if you come to look into the class of fiction that the schoolgirl has been battenning upon, either with or without the consent of her guardians, for the past few years. For, out of eighty-seven selected novels that I have by me at this moment, and that have been published within the last three years and a half,

books that have had a considerable vogue, and have all, at one time or other, been obtainable at the circulating libraries, seventeen adopt the attitude of sneering at matrimony as a thing "played out"; eleven raise upon a pinnacle imaginary co-respondents in imaginary divorce cases; twenty-two practically advocate that married men shall be allowed to keep mistresses openly; seven hold up to ridicule the woman who is faithful to her husband; and twenty-three describe seduction as openly as it can be described in a book that is not to be ostracised by the book stalls.

It may be argued that the circulating library reading public wants this sort of thing, and that the demand has therefore created the supply. Very possibly that is so—upon that point I am not in a position to speak with authority—but if so it is, to say the least, regrettable. And it is regrettable in more ways than one. Apart from the false impression of life that is conveyed in works of fiction whose sole "merit" is that because they deal more unreservedly with themes and topics not usually spoken about quite so bluntly in everyday conversation they are able to command a good sale, there is the probability that the taste such books leave will whet the mental appetite for something stronger still. And as the mental appetite becomes so whetted, the desire to read books that possess literary merit of any kind almost invariably grows feebler. It is no unusual thing to-day to hear women of a certain set asking one another what books they have read and can recommend that are "really *haut-goût*," a phrase meaning, when used by them with reference to novels, books that verge as closely as possible upon the immoral. Only recently, indeed, a woman of this stamp remarked to me in the most ingenuous way imaginable that when she "got hold of a book" she had been told contained "equivocal passages," she at once tried to find the passages referred to, "and then, when I have read those parts, my interest in the book is at an end." Could anything be much more pitiable? Place before such a reader a masterpiece by de Maupassant, by Zola, by Pierre Loti, or

even a finished work by one of our modern English novelists known to be a little unconventional in his treatment of certain situations, and the only portion that will in the least interest her—and she is typical of a class of readers that is steadily increasing—will be a page or two here and there that deal with unsavoury subjects and are intended to be introduced only incidentally. All the true merits of the book, the dramatic power possessed by its author, his charm of style, the strength of his writing, his vigorous handling of the chief characters, will be passed over unrecognised. Yet such readers constitute the class that probably is directly to blame for the descriptive writing that year by year comes closer to the boundary line at which the censor will lift up his hand, and it will be interesting to see how close to that line the writers will be allowed to approach before the censor thinks it time to interfere.

Glancing again at the rows of novels by modern writers of moderate repute that it has been my fate to read within the last few years, I am struck by the fact that by far the most "daring"—I should like to call them the most prurient—books among them have been written by women. It may be an ungallant thing to say, but it is none the less the truth, that whereas a man able to write clever fiction generally deems it more artistic to veil, to some extent, his descriptions of certain scenes, the woman novelist of the same calibre will, when describing similar situations, tear off every stitch of veiling that can by any possibility be spared. And as it is the nature of woman to endeavour to outshine, or as it is now commonly called "go one better than" all other members of her sex who may be following the avocation she herself is engaged in, so when it comes to writing "boldly" Mrs. A. will, in her new novel, sail just a little closer to the wind than Mrs. B. did in her last successful work, and then when Mrs. B.'s turn comes again, Mrs. B. will place Mrs. A.'s audacious story quite in the background by promulgating some preposterous theory on the advantages of free love, or some such subject, that will set a considerable section of the lending library public whispering

and surreptitiously tittering, and will at the same time gratify her vanity and perceptibly increase her royalties.

That all women writers have recourse to these rather despicable tactics I do not for a moment maintain; but that many, especially many writers in what may be called the second and third ranks of women novelists, are unable to resist the temptation to outstrip their rivals, if they can, and that they attempt to outstrip them by bordering more and more closely upon the indecent, plenty of the books that I have before me as I write prove. At the same time these books prove also that women writers are not by any means the only offenders in this respect. Looking over half a dozen novels that I know for a fact have sold remarkably well, though their authors are far from being in the front rank of purveyors of fiction of this kind, I find that the second book of each writer is far more "daring" than his first, and that in each case his third comes very near to describing in very plain English certain acts that a limited number of medical works alone are supposed to deal with. Now, those two writers, I happen to be aware, began to see their names in print in the same year, and almost at once from being merely club acquaintances, neither of whom was in the least in sympathy with the other, they developed into very bitter rivals, "jealous as girls." Looking still further into their books, which have appeared alternately, no one accustomed to dissecting works of fiction and to some extent analysing the thoughts and sentiments that inspire authors to advance peculiar theories can have any difficulty in placing his finger upon the exact passages in these particular books that were written when Mr. C. was cherishing uncharitable recollections of Mr. D. and Mr. D. was metaphorically grinding his teeth at the thought that Mr. C. should have had an inspiration that might just as well have come to him.

And all this being so, it is interesting to observe how different the tone of the serial story of average merit is that appears in our weekly and monthly periodicals from that of

the average novel of equal literary merit that is published between covers before appearing elsewhere. It is safe to say that no serial story at present running in any English daily newspaper or in the ordinary periodical press of England is unfit to be read by the class that we have gradually come to speak of as "young people." Why this should be I am unable to say, unless it is that editors of periodical publications have a greater sense of their responsibility, and of the duty they owe to the community, than certain publishers. But such a supposition, considered from the rational standpoint of hard common sense, must unfortunately be deemed quixotic, and therefore the only alternative conclusion to be arrived at is that a vast section of the multitude of men and women who read serial fiction regularly have not really a craving for stories that have a vein of *double entente* running through them, or that appear to advocate a loose code of morality, but that on the contrary they desire the fiction they read to be sound and wholesome throughout. Possibly it is this very desire that leads certain well-meaning persons to grow by degrees fastidious in precisely the opposite way. The editor of one of our most popular weekly journals showed me quite recently a handful of letters that he had just received from men and women in different parts of the world who took very strong exception to a young man being described in a story in his paper as kissing a girl to whom he was not engaged to be married! "I think," one letter ran, "that descriptions of this kind can serve no good purpose, and may indirectly lead some of our young men into sin." Another correspondent declared that "no man has a right to embrace a member of the opposite sex other than his wife or a near relative, and for the author of your story to picture his principal character as doing so as though it were an everyday and quite harmless occurrence betrays, I think, the fact that he himself cannot be a very highly principled or right-minded man"; while a third correspondent, a lady, wrote that "any young person allowing a young man practically unknown to her to encircle her waist

with his arm and press his lips to hers could certainly be no lady in the meaning in which that word was understood twenty years ago."

As I have pointed out, however, the increasing tendency of a great bulk of modern fiction of average merit is to deal with unsavoury topics with quite unnecessary freedom; and though the "problem" novel that we were so surfeited with a few years ago has died a natural and very welcome death, each publishing season we now see placed upon the market books containing narrative and descriptive matter that fifteen or twenty years ago would not have been tolerated for a day by the lending library public, or by the better class of publisher. If these volumes were masterpieces of their kind, as so many of the French works are, that certain hypocritical Englishmen and women profess to turn away from with horror, their existence might to some extent be justified; but that is precisely what they are not, and what, to do them justice, they do not pretend to be. What they pretend to be is exactly what they are—stories, many of them clever, written with a very "daring" (*sic*) hand, or, to speak quite plainly, stories as immoral as their publishers deem it safe to let their authors make them. Unfortunately, new writers anxious to attract attention—and every season new writers of some merit make their appearance in our midst—for the most part take their cue from the already existing producers of ephemeral but highly-spiced "literature," and at once set to work to see how cleverly they can wrap up their own nasty stuff in language that to the uninitiated or to the dull intellect will convey nothing in the least equivocal, but that for the reader at all imaginative or quick-witted has a very significant meaning. What the end will be, where the line will be drawn, and by whom or when it will be drawn, it is not possible to say at present. That it will be drawn sooner or later is certain, and the probability is that the first move will be made by some body of men of a highly religious bent, who will defeat their own object at the outset by endeavouring to discover a great deal of evil where

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no evil exists, and by condemning a number of very admirable novels simply because these books, being among the most widely read of modern novels, they will deem it "politic" to attack in the belief that in doing so they are attacking the very foundations. Indeed, as serving to illustrate the likelihood there is of this occurring, it is interesting to note that recently attacks have been made by various no doubt well-intentioned clergymen, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, upon at least two of the finest and most dramatic novels that have been published within the last few years, namely Mr. Robert Hichens's "Garden of Allah," and Mr. Eden Phillpotts's "Secret Woman." Such books belong to the very class to which this article is not intended to refer. It is because we have so few such masterpieces that a great proportion of the lending library public is driven to fall back upon the scores of novels that, being only moderately clever, endeavour to compensate for their obvious deficiency by purveying obscenity glossed over. As a very distinguished writer said to me lately, "It is not that we haven't authors with imagination, and it is not that we haven't authors with a practical and extensive knowledge of life, and it is not that we haven't authors with brains; but it is that we haven't authors, or at least that we have so few authors, with the three attributes combined."

BASIL TOZER.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE DISSOLUTION OF 1874

THE House of Commons during the past Session was on more than one occasion occupied in discussing the constitutional practice concerning its own dissolution, of which the most noteworthy was the day in July when the Government, though defeated by a small majority on a vote in supply, decided that, according to the precedents, the incident did not render necessary either their resignation of office or a dissolution of Parliament. Among the precedents relied upon by the Prime Minister was Mr. Gladstone's dissolution in 1874. The Liberal leaders, on the other hand, insisted that the whole circumstances of that case told decisively against the course which Mr. Balfour announced his intention of following. A pleasant little episode was thereupon enacted. Mr. John Morley sat on the front bench with a volume of his own "Life of Gladstone" open before him, and at Mr. Balfour's request courteously handed him the book across the table of the House after turning up the passage which his Parliamentary opponent desired to quote. Mr. Gladstone's biographer disputed the legitimacy of the use Mr. Balfour made of the precedent, and called his attention to another passage, which he maintained pointed to a different conclusion. The true bearing of the precedent then became a matter of vehement contention in the debate that followed, and subsequently in the Press.

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This is not to be wondered at, for the facts connected with the dissolution of 1874 are surrounded by some obscurity, and have given rise to much controversy in the past, which has by no means been finally settled by the publication of Mr. Morley's biography of the chief actor; and it will be my endeavour to show in the following pages that neither party in the recent dispute in the House of Commons got at the true motive for Mr. Gladstone's action.

There were two circumstances which at the time, and also more recently, provoked criticism of Mr. Gladstone's conduct on that occasion. These were (1) the personal difficulty in which Mr. Gladstone found himself owing to the doubt whether or not his assumption of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in addition to that of First Lord of the Treasury in the summer of 1873 had made it necessary for him to seek re-election for Greenwich; and (2) the proposal to repeal the Income Tax, which furnished the "cry" with which he appealed to the country. Mr. Morley, in his anxiety to brush aside criticism that has been passed on Mr. Gladstone's conduct in these respects, quotes *exempli gratia* the generous words in which Disraeli, when the new Parliament met, deprecated inquiry into the circumstances in a spirit hostile to his defeated rival. But while it was fitting enough for a magnanimous opponent in the hour of triumph to let bygones be bygones, yet, if history is to pronounce any judgment at all on the incident, it may not be amiss to question whether the last word on the subject has been spoken by Mr. Gladstone's biographer.

Parliament was dissolved on January 26, 1874. There have been many dissolutions that took the country by surprise, but the dissolution of 1874 was not only unexpected, it was mysterious. The Ministry had not been placed in a minority in the House of Commons, for Parliament was not sitting, but was on the eve of re-assembling for a new Session; nothing had recently occurred of a public nature to imperil the Government; and there was no particular reason that anybody could

perceive, why they should suddenly appeal to the country. It is true that Mr. Gladstone's popularity and authority had been for some time on the decline, and had been rudely shaken by his defeat on the Irish University Bill in the spring of the previous year. It is also true that the Parliament had been in existence nearly six years, and the remainder of its life was therefore at best a matter of months. Both these circumstances, or either of them, would have afforded an intelligible reason for a dissolution if that course had been decided upon after the prorogation in the summer of 1873. But instead of that being done, the Cabinet, after being laboriously reconstructed in August, held its customary meetings in the autumn, and prepared its programme of legislation for the coming Session. It was indeed discredited—Mr. Gladstone himself had admitted privately in July that it deserved a vote of censure—but it was in no immediate danger of Parliamentary disaster. So late as December 2, 1873, Mr. Gladstone assured the Queen that he did not think of recommending a dissolution until another Session had run its course. Yet, on the 21st of the following month, when the opening of Parliament was imminent, he wrote to her Majesty informing her that he had resolved to advise an immediate dissolution.

What was the reason for this sudden and unexpected decision, which the Queen very naturally learnt "with some surprise"? The explanation that has been most frequently put forward, and by men moreover who were in a position to speak with authority, is that the Prime Minister, finding himself in a fix owing to the doubt whether he had not legally vacated his seat in the House of Commons, coupled with the probability that he would be defeated if he had to offer himself for re-election, came to the conclusion that the only way out of his personal difficulty was to send everybody else as well as himself back to their constituents. He would thus escape the humiliation and inconvenience of finding himself, while head of the Government, without a seat in Parliament during the interval till some accommodating follower should make way

for him. The Lord Chancellor, who presumably knew as much about the matter as any one, distinctly asserted that he had no doubt this personal embarrassment of the Premier's was the determining cause of the dissolution. Mr. Childers was equally clear on the point. But Mr. Morley will not hear of such an explanation of the incident. He impatiently speaks of the whole episode as "a trivial affair," for devoting a page or two to which he must apologise to his readers, and which he would have passed over in total silence had it not been that "paltry use was made of it in the way of groundless innuendo"—the "groundless innuendo" apparently being what one of the leading members of the Cabinet, and one of the most prominent of Mr. Gladstone's adherents in the House of Commons, both firmly believed to be the plain truth of the matter.

In seeking to disprove the account which is thus supported by the testimony of Lord Selborne and Mr. Childers, Mr. Morley comes perilously near that "importunate advocacy" which he tells us he strove to exclude from his work. Mr. Childers' opinion he attempts to discount by reminding the reader that he was not at the time a member of the Cabinet, and by intimating that though "this able and excellent man" was doubtless quite sincere in his belief, "his surmise was not quite impartial," because he was disappointed in not having been given the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in the preceding summer when Mr. Gladstone assumed that office himself. As to Lord Selborne's statement, Mr. Morley can only say that it is uncorroborated by any of the documents which he has examined; and further that

Mr. Gladstone gave an obviously adequate and sufficient case for the dissolution both to the Queen and the Cabinet, and stated to at least three of his colleagues what was "the determining cause," and this was not the Greenwich seat, but something wholly remote from it.

From this it would appear at all events that Mr. Gladstone did not give the same reason for the decision to dissolve to all who had a right to the Prime Minister's confidence. The

"determining cause" of the dissolution was, it seems, confided to three favoured Ministers ; while for the rest of the Cabinet and the Sovereign an "adequate and sufficient case," in contradistinction to "the determining cause," was made out. But is it so certain that the true "determining cause" was not something different from either of these two pretexts—that it was not in fact precisely what the Lord Chancellor, notwithstanding the "adequate and sufficient case" laid before him and the rest of the Cabinet, never doubted it was, namely, the difficulty that had arisen about Mr. Gladstone's seat? No one, of course, supposes for a moment that Mr. Gladstone was capable of deliberately deceiving either the Queen or his colleagues. But nothing is more certain than that he was only too capable of unconsciously deceiving himself. Mr. Morley himself tells us when relating a quite different incident in Mr. Gladstone's life, that "he felt the necessity of some explanatory reason, and with him to seek a plea was to find one." So it was with regard to the dissolution of 1874. No doubt Mr. Gladstone persuaded himself both at the time and still more easily a quarter of a century afterwards, when he wrote a memorandum on the point, that the "determining cause" of his sudden resolve to appeal to the country was that which he confidentially laid before three of his colleagues, namely, disagreement between himself and two other Ministers about the Army and Navy Estimates for the coming year. He may also have believed that his mind was to some extent influenced by the reasons deemed sufficient for the rest of the Cabinet, which, as he observed in a minute addressed to Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Goschen, "must be on the same basis as my statement to the Queen." The statement to the Queen among other pretexts included one so remote from what we are told was the true "determining cause" as the recent loss of a bye-election by the Ministry. It was to this passage in the letter to the Queen that Mr. Morley called Mr. Balfour's attention in the House of Commons on July 23 last, as proving that Mr. Gladstone dissolved in consequence of

by-election losses. But the hollowness of this contention is apparent from the fact that when Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Queen in December saying he had no intention of advising a dissolution for another year, no less than seven seats had been lost by the Government during the preceding twelve months, whereas they had suffered only one additional loss in the interval before he suddenly changed his mind and decided to dissolve immediately.

In the fragment written in the last year of his life Mr. Gladstone justifies himself for keeping the majority of his Cabinet in the dark as to "the actual occasion of the measure" on the ground that it had "a sufficient warrant from other sources." There is, therefore, nothing extravagant in the supposition that just as there lay behind the explanation offered to the Queen and the Cabinet, quite a different "determining cause" confided to individual Ministers, so behind this again there lay a more actual determining cause not openly acknowledged but clearly enough recognised by some at all events of those in close touch with the Prime Minister; and that it was in fact the embarrassment of his personal position as member for Greenwich that set him seeking for the plea which his biographer tells us he always found when he sought, and which, though he may never have permitted it to come to the front of his mind as a conscious motive, nevertheless was the real ground of his abrupt change of purpose between December 2, 1873, and January 21, 1874, when he advised the Queen to dissolve forthwith the Parliament which was on the eve of reassembling.

At any rate it is to be observed that the reasons furnishing "a sufficient warrant from other sources" laid before the Cabinet as a whole, were not accepted as the true explanation of the dissolution by one of the ablest and most eminent of its members, and there is no reason to suppose that the Lord Chancellor would have been any better satisfied with the pretext confidentially supplied to Granville and Cardwell than he was with that proffered to himself and the rest of his colleagues.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Morley's attempt to discredit Mr. Childers' corroboration on the ground that, though one of the most prominent members of Mr. Gladstone's party, he did not happen to be in the Cabinet at the actual date of the events under discussion, and had been disappointed at being passed over for promotion in the preceding summer, no such pleading serves to dispose of the evidence of Lord Selborne, to which Mr. Morley alludes with evident impatience. None of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues had a warmer admiration, and even reverence for him personally, than Lord Selborne; how then was it that, like Mr. Childers, Lord Selborne was certain that the real reason for the dissolution of 1874 was the difficulty about Mr. Gladstone's seat, if, as Mr. Morley would have us believe, the idea is wholly absurd and a mere invention of enemies for "paltry use in the way of groundless innuendo"?

Even if it be the fact that "in the mass of papers connected with the Greenwich seat and the dissolution there is no single word in one of them associating in any way either topic with the other," this negative evidence would hardly seem sufficient to dispose of the firm belief of two statesmen, neither of whom was likely to be mistaken about what was taking place in the inner councils of the party of which both were front-bench members, and one of them a distinguished and active leader. But is it accurate to say that the belief of Lord Selborne and Mr. Childers receives no corroboration from any of the papers to which Mr. Morley has had access? The careful reader will, perhaps, find some such corroboration without searching beyond the documents which Mr. Morley has printed in the "Life." It is, it is true, only indirect and inconclusive; had it been otherwise, Mr. Morley, it need hardly be said, would not have denied its existence.

Lord Selborne not only "never doubted" that Mr. Gladstone's difficulty about his seat was the reason for the dissolution, but he had himself advised the Prime Minister that a dissolution was the only escape from that difficulty. Mr.

Morley is annoyed with Lord Selborne for this "dogmatic assertion," against which he says may be set the "sensible view of Lord Halifax and Mr. Bright." But there was no real conflict between the opinion of the Lord Chancellor and the "sensible view" of Halifax and Bright. The advice of the latter was that when Parliament met Mr. Gladstone should place himself in the hands of the House, when a Committee would be appointed to determine the constitutional question at issue, and that during the deliberations of this Committee the Prime Minister should absent himself from Parliament. But this advice was confined to the procedure to be adopted by Mr. Gladstone when at close quarters with the difficulty; it did not touch the merits of the question. What if the Committee to be appointed by the House of Commons should decide that the seat was vacant? It would then be too late to cut the knot by a dissolution, and the Prime Minister would have had to face a by-election with every probability of losing his seat, a catastrophe that would have been not merely a galling personal humiliation, but a final blow to the falling fortunes of the Government. And was it unlikely that a Committee of the House of Commons would declare the seat vacant? The legal authorities consulted were nearly equally divided in opinion on the point. The highest of all, the Lord Chancellor himself, held that the seat was vacant, and the Lord Advocate agreed with him. Lord Bramwell thought differently, and was supported by the two law officers of the Crown. But both the latter were promoted while the matter was under consideration; and their successors, after consulting "the brilliant and subtle Charles Bowen," could arrive at no definite conclusion. It was, therefore, to say the least of it, an even chance that the point would be decided against Mr. Gladstone if he followed the "sensible" advice of Lord Halifax and Mr. Bright, and under the circumstances it is not to be wondered at if Mr. Gladstone's own mind was disposed to agree with Lord Selborne's "dogmatic assertion" that a dissolution offered the only certain way of escape from the entanglement.

There can be no doubt, at all events, that the question was engaging Mr. Gladstone's anxious attention during the autumn. It was in August that he intimated to the Speaker that the point had been raised; it was in December that Lord Halifax tendered the advice referred to above with which Mr. Bright concurred. In the interval no clear way out had presented itself, and as the opening of the new Session approached the perplexity naturally pressed the Prime Minister with increasing urgency. But if the way out was to be found through a general election he no doubt "felt the necessity of some explanatory reason," and therefore set about "seeking a plea." Naturally enough with a six-year-old Parliament, electioneering considerations of a general character had occupied a prominent place in his thoughts for some months past, and he had been revolving in his mind methods for reviving the decayed popularity of his Government. So unfavourable, however, appeared the prospect of an appeal to the constituencies that on December 2, as already mentioned, he told the Queen he intended to hold on through another Session. It was just a week later that he received the letter of advice from Lord Halifax about the Greenwich seat, which shows how closely the question continued to harass his mind, and which cannot have done much to allay his anxiety. Barely a month later he wrote a letter to Lord Granville on the prospects of the Government, which unmistakably reveals the working of Mr. Gladstone's mind "seeking a plea" for dissolution. With characteristically verbose circumlocution, he describes the Ministry as being on its last legs.

In truth [he writes] the Government is approaching, though I will not say it has yet reached, the condition in which it will have ceased to possess that amount of power which is necessary for the dignity of the Crown and the welfare of the country. Under these distressing circumstances it might be a godsend [adds the Prime Minister], if some perfectly honourable difference of opinion among ourselves on a question requiring immediate action were to arise, and to take such a course as to release us collectively from the responsibility of office.

Knowing, as we do, on the authority of his biographer, that

"with him to seek a plea was to find one," the reader might feel pretty confident that the "perfectly honourable difference of opinion among ourselves" would not fail to put in an appearance in due course. But up to this date (January 8, 1874) nothing had yet occurred to justify a reversal of the intention made known to the Queen on December 2. The difficulty was that the "explanatory reason," which was being eagerly sought but was not yet forthcoming, would have to be one that would serve also as a rallying cry to restore the fortunes of the party; and this circumstance in itself sufficiently explains why it was impossible for Mr. Gladstone to let any one suppose that the question of his own seat had anything to do with the matter. He tells Lord Granville that as matters stood on January 8 "dissolution means either immediate death, or at the best death a little postponed, and the party either way shattered for the time." He then proceeds to discuss the various proposals that might be put forward with a view to recovering his position in the country. To these proposals it will be necessary to return presently, when we come to consider the second head of criticism mentioned above; for the present it is sufficient to note that his suggestion to Lord Granville was that finance alone appeared to open a way of salvation for the Liberal Party. The scheme he had in mind would require substantial economies in the great spending departments, and it is clear that this necessity might be relied upon to bring about that "perfectly honourable difference of opinion among ourselves," which he had already admitted "might be a godsend." As yet, however, he tells Lord Granville, he had had no communication with any one on the subject, and he therefore could not have known whether the Ministers more directly responsible for the Navy and Army would or would not be prepared to knock about a million off the estimates at his bidding. But he evidently anticipated some difficulty in persuading them, for he concludes by saying:

I will only add that I think a broad difference of opinion among us on such a question as this would be a difference of the kind which I described

near the opening of this letter, as what might be in certain circumstances, however unwelcome in itself, an escape from a difficulty otherwise incapable of solution.

The whole of this long rigmarole of a letter to Lord Granville in point of fact comes to this :

We are in a terrible mess [says Mr. Gladstone in effect], we are near the end of our septennial tether, we have lost the confidence of the country, and are within an ace of shattering the party. From this "difficulty otherwise incapable of solution" our only escape is either by bringing in a popular Budget, or by provoking a split in the Cabinet which would supply a plausible pretext for immediate dissolution, and a good electioneering cry at the same time. A disagreement over the estimates (in view of the financial scheme I have up my sleeve) would be the very thing we want.

Here, then, he was within sight of the plea he was seeking. It is clear that what he more ardently desired on January 8, 1874, than anything else was the "godsend" of a dispute with his colleagues that would give him a decent excuse for getting rid of the Parliament altogether.

The extracts from Mr. Gladstone's diary published by his biographer prove unmistakably how deeply occupied his mind was with his personal position at the precise time when he was elaborating these various pretexts to lay before the Queen and the Cabinet. Ten days later than the letter to Granville he enters in his journal (January 18): "This day I thought of dissolution," and adds that he spoke on the subject to Bright, Granville and Wolverton, all of whom "seemed to approve." He did not apparently consult any other colleagues before taking action; for he spent the two following days in bed, where he drafted a letter to the Queen and an election address "setting out the case of the Government in an immediate appeal to the country," and it was not till two days after his letter making known his intention to the Sovereign had been despatched, that a meeting of the Cabinet took place. But on the 21st, the very day that his letter to the Queen was sent, he records in his diary, "Much conversation to-day on the question of my own seat." Now bearing in mind these several

facts—that in December Mr. Gladstone had no idea of dissolving; that in January, though no change of any significance had taken place in the situation of the Government or of public affairs, he suddenly, to the surprise of everybody, decided to dissolve; that the reasons for this abrupt change of purpose given to the Queen and the Cabinet were admittedly not the true reasons, though they were held by the Prime Minister to furnish “a sufficient warrant”; that during the month when this resolve was taking shape in his mind the insolubility of the personal difficulty that had been troubling him throughout the autumn was brought home to Mr. Gladstone with increasing force as the opening of Parliament approached; that he had been advised by the Lord Chancellor that a general election offered the only escape from that personal difficulty; that he was engaged in “much conversation” about it on the very day when he wrote advising the Queen to dissolve—bearing all this in mind, is it not overstraining our powers of credulity to ask us to believe that the doubt whether he could legally take his seat in the House of Commons when Parliament met without first risking the loss of it in a by-election, had no influence whatever in forming Mr. Gladstone’s mysteriously sudden determination to appeal to the country in 1874? Surely the inference to be drawn from these facts would be irresistible even if we had not in addition the positive assertion of two important colleagues of Mr. Gladstone’s, who could hardly have been mistaken, and who had no imaginable motive for misrepresenting the conduct of their chief, even if they had been capable of doing such a thing?

But before he could thus cut the knot it was necessary, as we have seen, for the Liberal leader to devise some plausible pretext for the course he had determined to take, which would also furnish an effective party programme at the coming elections. This brings us to the second criticism that has been directed against Mr. Gladstone’s action on this occasion. The party programme with which he had made up his mind to

go to the country was the proposal to abolish the Income Tax *in toto*; and the strictures to which it has given rise have evidently offended Mr. Gladstone's biographer deeply. Mr. Morley writes :

By critics of the peevish school who cry for better bread than can be made of political wheat, Mr. Gladstone's proffer to do away with the Income Tax has been contumeliously treated as dangling a shameful bait. Such talk is surely pharisaic stuff.

No one familiar with Mr. Morley's usual literary urbanity can help feeling astonished at this angry outbreak when he recollects that the writer against whom it is presumably directed, the writer who is so testily rebuked as a critic "of the peevish school" and a purveyor of "pharisaic stuff," was a man of letters not less eminent than Mr. Morley himself and of far more solid performance as an historian. For, no doubt, what was in Mr. Morley's mind was the passage in which the late Mr. Lecky cited Mr. Gladstone's proposal to abolish the Income Tax in 1874 as an illustration of the manner—reprehensible in Mr. Lecky's judgment—in which changes in taxation may be used as a species of bribery for electioneering purposes. This is how Mr. Lecky narrates the circumstances :

Mr. Gladstone was not obliged to go to the country. In spite of his defeat on the Irish University question in the preceding year, he had still a considerable and unbroken majority, though several defeats at bye-elections showed clearly that his power was declining, and especially that the upper and middle classes, who were the payers of Income Tax, were profoundly shaken in their allegiance to him. The Income Tax payers . . . were a body so large and so powerful that there was no reasonable doubt that a general movement among them would decide the fate of the election. The fortune of the Ministry was tolerably certain to turn upon the question whether the defection in this notoriously wavering class could be arrested. . . . Mr. Gladstone, throwing all other political questions into the background, resolved to utilise the surplus for election purposes, and to stake his chances at the election upon large direct offers of financial relief made to the electors, but especially to that class of the electors who were known to be wavering in their allegiance. . . . Every elector of this class, as he went to the poll, was clearly informed that he had a direct personal money interest in the triumph

of the Government. . . . No politician, I believe, seriously doubted that when Mr. Gladstone placed the abolition of the Income Tax in the forefront of the battle, his object was to win the Income Tax payers to his side.¹

If any one ever did doubt that that was Mr. Gladstone's object, his doubt is removed by the letter to Lord Granville on January 8, 1874, printed by Mr. Morley. In that letter, after describing the parlous condition of the Ministry in language which I have already quoted, Mr. Gladstone goes on to say :

The question that arises is, can we make out such a course of policy for the Session, either in the general conduct of business, or in some departments and by certain measures, as will with reasonable likelihood re-animate some portion of that sentiment in our favour, which carried us in a manner so remarkable through the election of 1868.

He then states his belief that the Liberals were not likely to regain the confidence of the country by their "general administration of public business," and adds, "it is a question of measures then; can we by any measures materially mend the position of the party for an impending election?" Having passed in review the possible subjects for legislation, Mr. Gladstone shows that the party could only "look to finance as supplying what we want." Subject to certain conditions which he enumerates being fulfilled, he expresses confidence that he could "frame a Budget large enough and palpably beneficial enough not only to do much good to the country, but sensibly to lift the party in the public view and estimation."

After giving all due weight to the few perfunctory words thrown in at the end about doing much good to the country, it must be admitted that a more cynical avowal of purely party motives for a far-reaching transaction in national finance could scarcely be imagined. In the summer of 1887 some criticisms that Mr. Lecky had already published elicited from Mr. Gladstone two articles in the *Nineteenth Century* of indignant defence of his conduct thirteen years previously. In these

¹ "Democracy and Liberty," vol. i. p. 152, *seq.*

articles Mr. Gladstone claimed to have acted from the highest motives of public duty.

He considered the Income Tax unjust, unequal, and demoralising ; twenty-one years before he had formed part of a Ministry which promised to abolish it. This pledge [Mr. Lecky dryly observes] after a long slumber, revived in its full vitality at the eve of the election, and he offered the electors "the payment of a debt of honour."

In fact, as Mr. Lecky truly says in describing the general tenour of Mr. Gladstone's impassioned reply to his strictures :

No one who judged solely from those skilful and plausible pages would imagine that any question of winning votes, or arresting a political defection, or gaining a party triumph, could have entered even distantly into his calculations.

Mr. Lecky gives the statesman credit for having "succeeded in persuading himself that this mode of reasoning was legitimate." He might have found it more difficult to be so charitable had he ever seen the letter in which Mr. Gladstone revealed in confidence to his most intimate colleague the working of his mind when the project was shaping itself, in which the abolition of the Income Tax is suggested as a possible answer to the question, "can we by any measures materially mend the position of the party for an impending election?" and in which he forecasts a Budget embodying this measure as calculated "sensibly to lift the party in the public view and estimation." We can only suppose that Mr. Gladstone had long forgotten both what he had written and what had passed through his mind in 1874 before he published in 1887 his claim to have been governed in his conduct in the former year solely by lofty and disinterested concern for the public interest.

Moreover, not only was the proposal put forward on the narrowest ground of party, but Mr. Gladstone appears to have been singularly indifferent to the consideration whether the interests of his party clashed or coincided with the public interest. It was as early as the preceding August that he first mentioned to the Secretary of State for War his ideas of the possible finance of next year, based upon the abolition

of Income Tax and sugar duties, with partial compensation from spirit and death duties." Mr. Morley triumphantly points to the date of this entry in Mr. Gladstone's diary (August 11, 1873), with the comment, "So much for the charitable tale that he only bethought him of the Income Tax when desperately hunting for a card to play at a general election." He may not have been in August desperately hunting for a card to play at a general election, but it is not likely that at the close of the sixth Session of a Parliament a party leader, who was even in those days "an old Parliamentary hand," was sublimely innocent of electioneering considerations; and in point of fact he proved later on, as we have already seen, that the purpose of the financial scheme which he outlined to Cardwell in August was "to mend the position of the party for an impending election." But one of the conditions on which alone the abolition of Income Tax could be included in the financial proposals of the year was that substantial reductions amounting to a million sterling or thereabouts should be effected in the naval and military estimates. Mr. Gladstone had evidently made up his mind to insist on these reductions being made, whatever the requirements of the naval and military services might be. If he was to enter on a new Session the abolition of Income Tax was to be his financial policy with a view to recovering ground in the country before the elections, which could not in any event be delayed more than a few months. If, on the contrary, he was to dissolve before Parliament met, the abolition of Income Tax was to be an electioneering pledge that would have to be redeemed if the party won at the polls. In either event it was necessary to prepare the ground by cutting down the estimates. In the notes already quoted, which Mr. Morley tells us were written in the last year of the statesman's life, that is to say nearly a quarter of a century after the events they describe, Mr. Gladstone gives an account of the transaction which it is difficult to reconcile with his earlier statements. From these notes it would appear as if the question of the reduction of estimates was wholly uncon-

nected with the contemplated abolition of the Income Tax, to which indeed no reference whatever is made in this latter-day memorandum. According to it, the only reason why Mr. Gladstone insisted on cutting down the estimates, at the cost, as his biographer tells us, of "active controversy with both the great spending departments," was that he thought the time had come for carrying out a promise made at the time of Cardwell's reforms in 1871, that they should be followed by retrenchment in expenditure on the Army. Mr. Morley says the papers in his hands confirm Mr. Gladstone's recollection, except that he was in conflict with the Admiralty no less than the War Office. But that exception altogether disposes of the memorandum of 1898. The pledge to reduce Army expenditure in connection with the Cardwell reforms could have imposed no sort of obligation for simultaneous retrenchment in the Navy; and consequently Mr. Gladstone's last recollection of the transaction affords no explanation whatever of his having been at loggerheads with the First Lord of the Admiralty as well as with the War Secretary. Moreover, one would suppose from this memorandum that the question had never presented itself to the Prime Minister's mind until the time came for considering the estimates. This is how he puts it :

When Cardwell laid before me at the proper time, in view of the approaching Session, his proposed estimates for 1874-5, I was strongly of opinion that the time had arrived for our furnishing, by a very moderate reduction of expenditure on the Army, some earnest of the reality of the promise made in 1871.

This is quite a different story from that told by the contemporary documents published by Mr. Morley, and also quite different from the account Mr. Gladstone gave in reply to Mr. Lecky's criticism in 1887. We now know from the diary that months before Cardwell laid before him "at the proper time his proposed estimates for 1874-5," Mr. Gladstone had told Cardwell "in deep secrecy" that he wanted to abolish the Income Tax in his next Budget; and as he concluded the entry in his diary with the words, "I want eight millions to handle,"

there can be little doubt that the necessity for retrenchment for reasons altogether unconnected with the pledge of 1871 was forcibly impressed on the Secretary of State for War. There was not a word at that time about the promise of 1871 ; and it is clear from the letter to Granville, that even in January 1874 the financial scheme requiring reduced estimates only held the field because other legislative measures which he alludes to, such as local taxation and the county franchise, were for one reason or another not considered feasible as a means of giving the desired " lift to the party in the public view and estimation." The truth, as is proved by these documents, is that at the end of the Session of 1873, when the Ministry was discredited and tottering, Mr. Gladstone was, if not " desperately," at any rate anxiously, " hunting for a card to play at a general election," which of course he knew could not be very long delayed ; that having come to the conclusion that the abolition of Income Tax would prove a veritable ace of trumps, he determined that the requisite retrenchment in the great spending departments should be made at all cost, or that in the alternative there should be the " godsend " of a Cabinet split on the question, which should provide him with a popular cry to raise on the hustings. He never seems to have given a thought to the question whether this retrenchment would be consistent with the safety of the country. He says in the letter to Granville that up to that date he had had no communication on the point " with any one," and he cannot therefore have known whether it was possible to get the " three-quarters of a million upwards towards a million off the naval and military estimates jointly " without dangerously compromising the efficiency of the defensive services. That was a consideration which never from first to last entered into the Prime Minister's calculations.

Having scouted the notion that the proposal to relieve the Income Tax payers of their burden was used by Mr. Gladstone as " a card to play at a general election," Mr. Morley, on a subsequent page, argues strenuously that it was a wholly

legitimate card to play in that manner. Opinions may differ as to whether Mr. Morley successfully combats the reasoning by which Mr. Lecky supports his contention that the proposal "could only have operated as a direct bribe" of a particularly demoralising nature; but whatever may be thought of the eminent historian's views, they can hardly be summarily dismissed with a sneer as the "pharisaic stuff" of a critic "of the peevish school"; and it is the more surprising that Mr. Morley should treat the opinion of one of the most distinguished of his contemporaries with such scant respect, since he places on record Mr. Gladstone's judgment of Lecky as an historian who, differing in this respect from both Carlyle and Macaulay, "has real insight into the motives of statesmen." A notable example of this trait of Mr. Lecky's intellect is afforded by his trenchant criticism of Mr. Gladstone's appeal to the nation in 1874.

RONALD McNEILL.

CAN PLANTS FEEL?

OF late years the student of plant life, probing deeper and deeper into the mysteries of the plant world, has been increasingly struck with the analogies that exist between the plant and the animal kingdoms. Over and over again in his researches among plants animal-like characteristics confront him in so persistent and surprising a way that the conviction is forced upon him that, beneath the wide divergences that undoubtedly exist between the two kingdoms, there must be some fundamental term common to both. The *living* plant and the *living* animal, remote as they appear to be in their highest developments, must still be bound together by some subtle link. And reflection shows him that that link can be nothing else than the possession of the indefinable quality life. That which he calls "life" he realises must be of the same nature and quality in both kingdoms, and the distinction between them lies, he is beginning to assert, merely in variation as to the quantity and intensity of that possession. Indeed it has been suggestively remarked that "life sleeps in the plant, but wakes and works in the animal."

Now when we look down the long vista of the animal world from highest to lowest, our glance passes from man to apes, past birds and reptiles, fishes and frogs, on by worms and insects and jelly fish, and past the animal communities that we call corals and sponges, until finally we come to the end of the line and find the simplest form of animal life to be

merely a mass of living protoplasm enclosed by a more or less definite wall, though still exhibiting certain characteristics of an animal.

And when we change our point of view and turn to the plant world a similar vista of complex forms successively simplifying meets our eye as we range from chestnut and lily, pines and ferns, to mosses, liverworts, fungi, seaweeds and green algæ, until at length we come to the simplest plants which are also merely a mass of living protoplasm invested with a cell wall, though still endowed with definite plant-like characteristics.

Thus then do the vistas of animal and plant life converge towards one another. But if we peer still further into the mysteries of elemental life we find that, out beyond the simplest plant and out beyond the simplest animal, there yet lies a kind of no-man's land inhabited by mysterious organisms—the Myxomycetes—of any of which we cannot say "This is a plant," or "That is an animal," without our assertion being challenged. One who has very carefully studied the nature of these organisms declares that their classification "depends rather on the general philosophical position of the observer than on facts." In other words at one stage of their life-history they are so plant-like, at another stage so animal-like that it rests on which phase most strongly appeals to the observer as to which label he places on them. Hence then in the person of these organisms the unbridgeable gulf that was supposed to divide the animal and vegetable worlds is done away with, and we find that, instead of a chasm, we have a common ground, and the hard line of demarcation that once existed between animals and plants is broken down, and between the two most widely divergent forms of living things we have now no break in continuity of *kind*, only variation of position in nature's scheme of life.

All this is of the greatest importance to our consideration of the question as to how far plants are endowed with sensation, because in a problem such as this we can only deduce conclusions by inference and presume similarity in those of our own

kind. We can only say that others have similar feelings to our own because they act in a way similar to us under similar circumstances—we can never directly test their feelings. And as we work backwards from man there is no single place at which we can stop and say “there is no sensation here.” For wherever there is life there is adjustment to environment—response to external stimuli—and there is no point in the sequence of animal life at which we can assert that the response of any individual is purely that of an automaton—such a response, for instance, as is given by dancing dolls in an automatic machine when a penny is put in the slot. Hence we judge the response to be that of sensation. Feebler this response grows and less definite certainly, but even in the lowest forms of animalculæ it shows itself in choice of action, choice of food, choice in surroundings and general expression in movement. Even the *Myxomycetes* in no-man’s land show preferences so obviously at times that Sir Edmund Fry asks about one of these organisms: “Has it some rudimentary perception, some common sense, of which sight and smell and taste are only more specialised forms?”

And it is this question, the question “Are plants sentient?” that plant students are asking more and more closely to-day about the whole plant kingdom in general. For some of the forms of plant life exhibit so close an analogy to animals in their apparent possession of sensation that, since the sequence of life is unbroken in the organic world, it seems an arbitrary distinction to allow the attribute in one part of the sequence and deny it in another. Some observers, indeed, go even further, and are beginning to wonder whether or no it is not possible that plants may be actually guided by some form of intelligence, an intelligence diffused indeed, and not gathered up into a brain focus, but nevertheless present in some general form. Certain of those who are well-fitted to judge even make definite affirmations on the point. Thus Professor Slater, of Harvard University, recently declared that :

we are in no position to say that intelligence cannot exist among plants, for in fact, all that we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work.

But whether we are justified in presuming intelligence in plants or not, the contention that plants are actually endowed with sensation has been considerably furthered of late by some researches that have been made at Graz by Prof. Haberlandt, a German botanist of some repute. He has been studying the subject specially among the higher flowering plants, and as a result of his investigations he claims to have found definite organs of sense in certain cases. That is to say, he has examined a number of plants, as we might examine animals, for organs for the reception of the sensations of touch, and he asserts that he has found complete analogy in many instances between plants and animals in their sensitiveness to contact.

If his facts are accurate and his conclusions true we shall henceforth be as much within our rights in speaking of sensation in a plant as we now are in speaking of sensation in a worm, noting however that Prof. Haberlandt confines himself to the purely physiological side of sensation and leaves alone the psychical side which must needs be purely speculative, just as a positive knowledge of the state of consciousness of a worm must remain for ever beyond us, even though we willingly grant it sensation on the physiological side.

Let us turn, then, for a few moments, to a glance at some of the sense organs that are possessed by plants.

In the first place we find that they are of four kinds; namely, sensitive spots, sensitive papillæ, sensitive hairs, and sensitive bristles, each with striking characteristics of its own.

The sensitive spots are simply places—one or more—on an epidermal cell wall where the wall is attenuated and covered on the inner side with processes of the living protoplasm con-

tained by the cell. These spots occur, for instance, on the tips of tendrils where they seem to be closely comparable in construction to those sense organs (some of the simplest known in the animal kingdom) which are found in the tentacles of certain sea urchins; so that tentacles and tendrils are much on a par. And, indeed, when we consider the functions and actions of tendrils it seems impossible to deny them the power of actual sensation. Tendrils are like our finger-tips, reaching out into the world to place the individual in its environment. During their time of growth they move in continuous circles, round and round, seeking with sensitive surface for some support for the plant in its upward climb, and once they come into contact with a solid body the measure of their twining is the measure of their sensitiveness.

Charles Darwin was the first to exhaustively study them, and among other tendrils he found those of the Passion Flower exquisitely sensitive. They can feel a single delicate touch with the finger, and will give an immediate response by curving round it. Half a minute after the touch is given the response is there. Take the finger away and the tendril will straighten out again, though apparently it is not so sensitive to cessation of stimulus as to the stimulus itself, for it may be an hour or two before it is completely uncurved. Darwin tried to find out how often it would do this without getting tired—for we have to reckon with fatigue in the plant world as well as in our own—and he discovered that he could touch it twenty-one times in fifty-four hours, and each time it would curve after his touch and uncurve after his touch ceased; though the response naturally grew less and less until the tendril was too far spent to be irritable.

Another interesting fact about tendrils is that they are not sensitive all their lives, nor are they sensitive at every part of their surface. When they are very young and when they are quite mature their sensibility is practically nothing; it is when they are about three parts grown that they are in their most

sensitive condition. The fact that their sensibility is localised is due to the sensitive spots upon them not being equally distributed; as can be seen under the microscope. Thus in the tendrils of the Passion Flower, the Vetch, and the Cucumber, the power of sensation is confined to one side only. If touched on the other side there is not the slightest response. In all tendrils, even when the surface all round is sensitive, as in the *Smilax*, the power of feeling is confined to the part near the tip.

Further, there exists a remarkably close analogy between the sensitive surface of a tendril and the human skin. In both every cell of the epidermis is a sense-cell and responsive. In both, too, there must be unevenness of contact if there is to be sensation. Thus we know that if we plunge an arm into water we experience the sensation of being touched only at the boundary line up to which the water reaches, and as we move the arm in the water so the sensation of contact varies with the water margin. We feel absolutely nothing of the pressure of the water on the part of the arm that is immersed below the surface. So, too, in a tendril there is no sensation when touched by an absolutely smooth surface such as water or quicksilver, except at the margin of contact, any more than there is on an arm. In a word, on the tendril's sensitive surface, as on the human skin, there must be differences in pressure in order to produce sensation of contact.

But it is in the insectivorous plants that we seem to get the most perfect illustration of the sense of touch as it exists among plants. It is as though the approach to the animal world in the matter of partaking of animal food was causal or coincident with animal-like nature in other respects. This is well seen in a little carnivorous plant called the Sundew, found in boggy places on the Welsh and other hills. Each leaf is covered with crimson hairs, and since each hair has a swollen head the green leaf looks as though it were stuck all over with very fine red pins of various sizes—perhaps some two hundred on each leaf. Now these little tentacles, for such they are, are supremely

sensitive, owing to their glandular heads being richly provided with the sensitive spots already spoken of. If by chance a flying or creeping insect alights upon a leaf these hairs immediately begin to move and close over it, the victim meanwhile being held down by a gummy substance on the leaf until it is squeezed to death. At the same time, too, a digestive fluid pours out of glands on the surface of the leaf, and the fleshy part of the insect is quickly absorbed. Only the wings, legs, and other indigestible parts are left when the tentacles slowly straighten out once more. A small insect will be digested in a couple of days, larger ones take more time according to size.

But the curious part of the sensitiveness of these tentacles is that they appear to be able to gauge the quality of the object which touches them. Thus if raindrops fall upon them they are unresponsive. If a piece of coal and a piece of beefsteak of equal weight be laid upon two leaves simultaneously they will both begin to close at once. But in the case of the beefsteak they will take perhaps six minutes to complete the closing and remain closed for days until they have absorbed it; while in the case of the coal they close slowly and dubiously, and it may be three or four hours before they grasp it. Then when they have touched and, as it were, sampled it, they at once commence to uncloset and drop it. There is no attempt to digest it.

Experiments have been made with a view to seeing exactly how sensitive these tentacles are, and it has been found that if a particle of fine human hair, less than 1-25th of an inch in length, is placed upon one it can *feel* it, that is to say, it will respond to the weight by an inflection. Now the full force of this is only realised when we remember that were such a particle of hair laid upon the most sensitive part of our body, namely, the tip of the tongue, we should be quite unconscious of its presence. Hence these tentacles of the Sundew have a finer susceptibility to an external stimulus than we have.

From these instances in which the sense organs are in their

simplest form and merely sensitive spots we next turn to some in which the sense organs are found in the form of papillæ, and we have a case in point in the flower of the *Opuntia*, or Prickly Pear. In this flower the stamens are many in number and of different lengths, and they stand in a ring round the centre of the flower. The upper part of the filament of each is a bright golden colour, the lower part is a duller yellow. Now if the filament is touched at any point in the golden part it promptly bends over in response to that touch, and its pollen is poured out of its head. If, however, it is touched in its dull coloured part it is not irritable and there is no response. Naturally, the whole is an arrangement for promoting cross-fertilisation. A bee comes visiting in search of honey, and crawls down into the heart of the flower, and in its movements touches one after another of these irritable stamens, and as they are touched they each bend over in turn and load the back of the insect with pollen, which he promptly transfers to another flower in his honey quest.

Now when we come to ask why one part of the stamen filament "feels" while another does not, we discover that upon the irritable part of the filament, and *not upon the non-irritable part*, there are present what we must consider to be sense-organs or papillæ of touch, for in the centre of each cell in the sensitive golden part there arises up a papilla, which receives the stimulus. And these, presumably organs of touch in the Prickly Pear, are closely comparable to what are undoubtedly organs of touch in one of the worms—*Hermione*. In this worm along the ventral side are a number of little warts which are sensitive to touch and which are connected with nerve-fibres, and though in the animal several epithelial cells go to build up the organ, while in the plant only a single cell fashions it, yet this is immaterial when set side by side with the fact that the mechanical principle in both is identical. If then we grant without demur sensation to the worm when it responds to stimulus on these organs, why deny it to the plant with similar organs and a similar response of movement?

Again, in the Barberry and the Abutilon we have irritable stamens which are normally leaning outwards and hidden in the curved petals. But if the lower third—the bases of the stamen filaments—is touched they spring up sharply and scatter their pollen. And a minute microscopical examination of the sensitive bases shows that the irritable surface, *and that alone*, is furnished with sense organs in the form of low flat papillæ, in one part of which is a joint or kink in the outer wall. These correspond, says the German professor, in a remarkable degree to the sense organs in the antennæ of a Rose Chaffer. In the antennæ the scaly covering is traversed by certain pore canals, each of which is covered by a lid, and thus low flat papillæ are formed, the lid being united to the solid chitin skeleton by a delicate skin joint. So, in both plant and insect, pressure on the flat surface causes the tender joint to “give” and react on the adjacent protoplasm. If then we admit that these structures are sense-organs in the antennæ, how can we deny the same name to similar structures on the sensitive stamens?

But when we pass on to sensitive hairs and bristles we come to the superlative organs of touch in the plant world, for, perfectly adapted as the tentacles of the Sun-dew seem to be, to be organs of touch, they are yet surpassed by those found in another carnivorous plant. *Indeed, it is an open question whether in the whole of the animal world even there is a more perfectly constituted organ of touch than is found in the Dionea*, a plant popularly known as Venus's Fly Trap. This plant is one of the curiosities of the plant world, and only grows native in the peat-bogs on a narrow strip of country on the east coast of North America. The peculiarity of the plant lies in its leaves, for the leaf stalk has become flattened out so as to be leaf-like, while the blade proper is edged with teeth, and has, moreover, six sharp little bristles standing straight up on the surface, three on either side of the midrib. Now these bristles are the sense-organs. Touch one ever so lightly, and the halves of the leaves on which they are placed close up together

abruptly, "just like the slamming to of a volume," says one observer, the midrib serving as hinge, while the teeth at the edges interlock like clasped fingers. The surface of the two halves becomes somewhat concave, so that a shallow cavity is thus formed; the sense bristles, too, shut up on to the leaf in the same fashion that a blade of a penknife closes. If the touch which evokes this response has been given by, say the end of a pencil, the two halves of the leaves will slowly open again, and the bristles raise themselves; but if some crawling fly or tiny insect brushes against one of them, then the rapid closing of the leaf makes it a prisoner, while out of the glands on the surface of the leaf a digestive fluid quickly overwhelms the poor victim. When the nutritive parts are completely absorbed the six sense bristles once more stand erect, ready for action, like soldiers on guard.

It must be emphasised that no other part of these curious hinged leaves of Venus's Fly Trap are sensitive. If, for instance, the back or the midrib of the flat green blade is touched there is no response, no closing; it is only these six bristles on either leaf that are capable of receiving sensation. Since so high a rank as one of the most perfect organs of touch known is claimed for these bristles, a moment's closer glance at them is worth while to note that each is made up of long cells filled with the jelly of life—protoplasm—and this protoplasm, during the life of the leaf, is all the while in active circulation round the cell. Each of these bristles has, moreover, its base set in a pad of smaller cells which act like a cushion, so that a touch to the stiff spine is immediately transmitted to the cells of the cushion, and thence to the whole leaf.

The *Mimosa pudica*, the so-called "sensitive plant," is a well-known instance of a plant endowed with exceptional general susceptibility to contact, for the slightest touch to one of its leaves or a gentle shaking causes all its leaves to fold over and droop, shrinking together as though it were frightened in a very human way. Here the seat of sensation seems chiefly to be lodged in a swelling at the insertion of each leaf, and

certain hairs that arise upon it are exquisitely sensitive, though it is also true that any part of the leaf's surface seems capable of "feeling."

It appears, then, that plants are not only sensitive to contact, and have special sense-organs, but they are also able to transmit a stimulus from one part of their structure to another, as when the whole leaf of *Dionea* closes because one bristle is touched, or when all the leaves of *Mimosa* droop because one is stimulated. Now the question arises as to how this stimulus travels. In the case of animals we have in the nerve fibres specially prepared tracts for the transmission, but in plants we know no such things as nervous systems. At the time when a plant was supposed to be built up of a series of cells of various shapes and sizes, each self-contained and distinct in itself, it was indeed difficult to understand how a stimulus could be passed on. But nowadays we have reason to believe in the "continuity of protoplasm"—that is, that the protoplasm in a plant is continuous throughout the whole structure, the contents of each cell being connected with those of the adjacent cells by very fine strands which pass through the walls of the cells in every direction. Hence a plant possesses a complete inner structure of protoplasm hidden within its outer walls, and we have no difficulty in understanding that a stimulus can be carried from one part to another just as nerves carry sensation; for, after all, what is our nervous system but protoplasm modified in a very special way?

In the light of these facts it seems impossible to refuse to acknowledge plants as sentient beings, or to deny that they are capable of experiencing sensations. Indeed, the more we study plants, the more impressed we are with the conviction that in them we have a line of development parallel to our own, but one situated on a lower plane, whose scale is pitched in a lower key.

G. CLARKE NUTTALL.

NEW LIGHT ON THE DEATH OF MURAT

THE end of the most dashing of Napoleon's Marshals is a theme of perennial interest, possessing as it does every element of tragedy at the close of a brilliant career. The element of the inevitable also clings about it as about all the greatest dramas. The *beau sabreur*, who caracolled in nodding white plumes at the head of French or Italian squadrons, and lent force as well as picturesqueness to the charge, was out of his element in the council chamber. Few cavalry leaders have excelled in the sphere of diplomacy, which seems to require gifts analogous to those of a great engineer; and assuredly Murat never carried through any intrigue with the ability that commands success. It was not without cause that the Emperor at St. Helena called him a "mauvaise tête," and, while pronouncing him "incomparable" on a battlefield, said that elsewhere he had only committed *bêtises*. Finally, he summed up his opinion of his strategy by the remark that he used to wage war without a map; and, for his general powers, that "he is a poor creature, apt to fashion chimeras and think himself a great man."¹ This, of course, is a judgment given after the event which we are about to consider, and comes from a man who, even after his own fall, worshipped success and despised failure, and the Emperor never forgave his lieutenant his defection in 1814.

I am in a position to add something to the information

¹ Gourgaud, "Journal de Sainte-Hélène," I. 498, 541, 585; II. 263.

concerning the death of the ex-King of Naples. Firstly, it is desirable to point out the results of Murat's vacillations in the years 1813-14. At the close of the Moscow campaign of 1812 he quitted his command in Eastern Prussia, returned hastily to Naples, had a scene with his consort, Caroline Bonaparte, and thereafter inclined more and more towards the enemies of Napoleon. It is possible that conjugal as well as international affairs conduced to his subsequent desertion of the Bonapartist cause and his bargains with Austria and England. To these matters it is needless to refer, except to suggest why he came to be generally distrusted and thereafter repaid like with like. A deserter never wins full confidence from those whom he joins; and during the negotiations which went on at the Congress of Vienna at the close of 1814, Murat found his interests entirely set aside. He therefore began, early in 1815, to increase the Neapolitan forces in a suspicious manner. What most concerned the Allies was the intercourse that went on between him and Napoleon at Elba. Sir Neil Campbell, in his "Journal of Occurrences in 1814-1815 at Fontainebleau and Elba," noted down on February 15, 1815, that

Mysterious adventurers and disaffected characters continually arrive here [Elba] from France and Italy, and then proceed on to Naples, giving out that they are disappointed in their hopes of employment by Napoleon, and that they expect to realise them with Murat.

A few days later (about a week before the Emperor's escape from Elba to the South of France) he made the quaint suggestion that Napoleon is "preparing to desert (*sic*) to Murat, in case the latter should commence operations against the Allies."¹ The whole truth as to the relations between them has yet to be cleared up, but the Allies knew enough to see that Murat was working hand in hand with Napoleon.²

¹ Sir Neil Campbell, *op. cit.*, pp. 359, 363; see too pp. 353 and 371.

² See his letter of March 8, 1815, to Desvernois, his Maréchal de Camp in Calabria, urging that, as Napoleon had left Elba, he (Desvernois) must "inundate" Sicily with his agents in order to raise the troops against the Bourbon King, Ferdinand. He believed that the English squadron and troops would help him in this! (Desvernois, "Mémoires," pp. 171-2).

This explains their determination to end matters with him when he advanced northwards towards Bologna, as if in alliance with them. Evidently he was about to revolutionise Italy, as Napoleon was revolutionising France. In vain did he then seek to persuade Lord William Bentinck, then commanding a British force at Genoa, of his goodwill to the allied cause and his surprise at the hostility of Austria. Possibly the generous promise of constitutional liberty which Bentinck had held out to the Genoese led Murat to see in him a friend of democracy and nationality. Part of Murat's letter is worth quoting in an exact translation. It is dated Bologna, April 4, 1815:

MILORD,—I announced to you by a postscript of my last that, against my expectation, the Austrians had commenced hostilities against me. If you felt obliged to demand explanations about the movements of my troops, present circumstances cause me greatly to desire, on my side, to know the system that you propose to maintain on this occasion. I take pleasure in believing that England will protect the unanimous enthusiasm which the Italians are displaying for their independence. The prince who will be at the head of this generous nation can never be other than the friend of Great Britain. . . .¹

If Murat believed that Bentinck's career in Sicily—his high-handed treatment of the Bourbon Queen, Maria Carolina, and his championship of the democratic constitution of 1812 at Palermo—marked him out as a natural ally, he greatly erred. If we may trust a justificatory Memoir which Bentinck penned at London on Waterloo Day, that officer had urged the Austrians to crush Murat while he was still weak. Here again, as this Memoir has not been published, we may quote the most important parts:

I shall make no further reference to my negotiations with Murat than to mention the impression, which for awhile at least existed, that to my injudicious and intemperate conduct was to be attributed the failure of the advantages expected from the alliance with that personage. I trust that the course of events will have completely exculpated me, and it is with sincere satisfaction that I have read the declaration of one of H.M.'s Ministers in the House of Commons of the justice of the views which I was enabled to form of

¹ War Office Records, "Army in the Mediterranean—1815."

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the proceedings and character of Murat at the period in question. Italy would have been then saved from the great danger to which it has been lately exposed, if the Austrian commander, not less convinced of Murat's treachery than myself, had attended to my advice—namely, to get rid at once of Murat while he was then weak and before any success of the French should render him a ruinous enemy to the Allies.

He then adds the Macchiavellian explanation of his own offer of a Liberal constitution to the Genoese; that the extent of the fortifications of that city made the goodwill of the citizens extremely desirable, "as their good or ill-will will ever make a difference of at least 10,000 men in the garrison requisite for its defence."¹

Austrian action, though slower than Bentinck desired, was decisive. Murat was overthrown at Tolentino on May 3, 1815; and a few days later left his kingdom for exile, finally in the South of France. There he received the coolest of welcomes from Napoleon, and remained in more or less of disgrace until the Napoleon collapse after Waterloo sent him flying for refuge to Corsica (August 25). There he gradually gathered about him a number of Bonapartists, until the Powers became anxious about his actions. The authority of Louis XVIII. was as yet too weak in the island to compass his arrest; and England and Austria sought to end all chances of disturbance in Italy, which hung on Murat's conduct, by offering him an asylum at Trieste, whither his consort, Caroline, had already proceeded on board H.M.S. *Tremendous*. The Austrian Government offered him a passport to Trieste; it was *visé* by the British Embassy at Paris; and a frigate, H.M.S. *Meander*, was sent to Bastia to receive him on board. The offer was made through a naturalised British subject, a Neapolitan by birth, named Macirone, who, on September 28, saw Murat at Ajaccio, and vainly sought to persuade him to take this step.

Why did Murat refuse? He knew that the Neapolitan authorities were on the look-out, and that a British flotilla was cruising on the South Italian coast. The chances of a successful

¹ War Office Records, "Army in the Mediterranean—1815."

attempt were desperate. But his fortunes were equally desperate. Having some two hundred and fifty brave fellows about him, and knowing the discontent prevalent throughout the Neapolitan realm, he hoped much from a bold stroke; and, as he said, "At worst I shall die like a king." The police report afterwards submitted by the Neapolitan Minister, de Medici, to King Ferdinand, also states that rumours were rife as to the proclamation of a Republic in South Italy, on behalf of Murat, in the month of November. This report, sent in full to the Foreign Office by our Ambassador, Mr. à Court, shows that the Bourbon Government fully expected Murat's enterprise "owing to his vanity, which led him to attempt things far beyond his means." It also contains the statement that Murat rejected the offer of Macironi, and of the captain of the *Meander*, owing to the "unguarded summons" made by the latter. This sounds a flimsy excuse, but it may be due to suspicion, natural in a man who has played a shifty game, and fears that his former allies will now play him false. Certainly the conduct of Austria and of Bentinck had not been such as to inspire him with confidence. De Medici also states that, while accepting the passport, Murat did not send his refusal to the captain of the *Meander* until he himself had embarked on his flotilla: and that, shortly before setting sail, on the night of September 28-29, he raised Colonel Natali to the rank of Field-Marshal, and made other promotions. Evidently, then, he had decided to try fortune once more. No one at Ajaccio believed that he was sailing to Trieste. Every one knew that the Neapolitan coast was his aim. Probably Salerno was the objective; but a violent storm scattered his six feluccas, with the result that his boat was driven southwards to the Gulf of Euphemia in Calabria; and, in lack of water and provisions, he landed near the little town of Pizzo, October 8.

The story of his attempt with a few followers to arouse the men of Pizzo, of their apathetic or hostile demeanour, and of his retreat towards the sea and capture at the coast, is well known; but we may here turn to a new narrative, for which

the present writer is indebted to the kindness of Miss Auldjo, who found it among her father's papers. Mr. John Auldjo lived at Naples for many years. He was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; he published an account of an ascent of Mont Blanc, with his meteorological observations, and in 1832 wrote a book on Mount Vesuvius. When Bulwer Lytton was at Naples, engaged on "The Last Days of Pompeii," Mr. Auldjo was constantly in his company, and suggested to him the character of Nidia—a fact which the eminent novelist publicly acknowledged in that work. I may add that I have not found any corroborative evidence of Mr. Auldjo's narrative in our archives, whether of the Foreign Office, or of the War Office, or Admiralty; except to the effect that in 1815 Colonel Robinson commanded a flotilla of twenty-three gun-vessels in the Sicilian waters, manned by 626 sailors, and that its efficiency was commented on favourably by his superiors. I now give Mr. Auldjo's narrative in full:

After the decision of the conquering Powers had deprived Murat of his Kingdom of Naples, though he had joined them against his former commander, he wandered about with a few devoted followers among the islands of the Mediterranean, plotting for a return to his Kingdom, believing he was popular among his former subjects, and, like his great master on his return to France from Elba, he would be hailed by them with open arms.

Of the manner in which Murat sought to bring this about, it is in our power to give some interesting details, probably now known to only one or two persons living—details received from the oral communication of one who played a conspicuous part in the scene which occurred when the rash attempt was made by Murat by his landing at Pizzo, a small town in the Gulf of St. Euphemia. During the war which ended in 1815, when the British naval and military forces were acting in Southern Italy against the French in possession of the Kingdom of Naples, to assist the English fleet, a special force a gun-boat flotilla, was organised, manned by sailors, principally fishermen from the seafaring population of Calabria and Sicily—a brave, enduring and trustworthy class of men. The flotilla was placed under the command of Colonel Robinson, of the British marine artillery, a popular and much-loved officer, under whose orders they were ever ready to undergo much privation and perform deeds of bravery which would have taxed the courage and endurance of the regular seamen of any country. After the close of the war in 1815 they were still employed along the coast of Italy in various services. It became

known that Murat, the late King, was skulking somewhere among the islands dissatisfied with the decision of the Powers which had deprived him of his Kingdom, and that he would make some attempt to regain it. Among his followers there was a traitor, a Judas, who betrayed him by giving information to the Neapolitan Government and the British Admiral that Murat was about to make a descent on the mainland by landing in July at Pizzo. General Nunziante with a body of troops was sent from Naples to receive him, and Colonel Robinson was ordered to proceed with some of his flotilla to intercept the landing. Robinson arrived at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Euphemia the day before Murat appeared on the coast. He contrived, however, to escape observation for a short time, and made his way in a large boat towards the shore, followed immediately by Robinson in another boat, who (*sic*) arrived alongside that of Murat at the moment he was landing, and called out to Murat's crew not to haul their boat up, as is the custom of Mediterranean sailors, on to the shore, but to keep it afloat. Robinson's orders were to take him prisoner, if possible, while afloat, when he would have been a prisoner of the British fleet, and his life been saved, whereas, if taken on land, which was likely to be effected, he would be a prisoner of the Neapolitan Government, and his fate would be sealed.

What Robinson foresaw happened. Murat, finding a body of troops ready for him, hastened down as fast as he could towards his boat, followed by those who had accompanied him, he and they jumping into the boat, while two strong men of his crew endeavoured to shove it afloat. Robinson, who was close alongside, cried out to them, "Shove off the boat and jump in afterwards." Had this been done, Murat would have been seized by Robinson's men. It was too late; a sergeant of gendarmes, who was in pursuit of the party, raised his musket and shot the man dead who was endeavouring to shove off the boat, and a moment afterwards Murat was his prisoner. He was taken back to Pizzo and placed in a dungeon. Nunziante telegraphed, by the means at that time in use to Naples, that Murat was his prisoner. "What was to be done?" Answer: "Try him by court-martial and shoot him." A court-martial was immediately formed, and, for the sake of involving the British Government in the decision which it was too evident would be come to, Robinson was asked to sit on it; which he peremptorily and with indignation refused, knowing that the whole proceeding was a farce and that Nunziante was not a man to disobey the orders from Naples. And so he was tried and condemned to be immediately shot. After a delay of a few hours, Murat was led out under the walls of Pizzo with a platoon of soldiers. Placed at a short distance before them, he stood erect, and with an unblanched cheek, and without a tremour in his voice, cried out: "Soldiers do your duty; aim here,"—placing his right hand over his heart. Thus fell his body, pierced by a dozen bullets—the hero of the "white plume," the brother-in-law of the great Napoleon and the sometime King of Naples.

(Signed)

JOHN AULDJO.

The account furnished to Mr. Auldjo is incorrect in some respects. In July 1815 Murat was in hiding in the South of France and was in no position to invade the Bourbon realm. Not until the middle of September, or perhaps later, did he come to that decision; and then he intended to land at or near Salerno. It was the storm which frustrated his attempt and drove him to Pizzo. No troops were awaiting him; only a few gendarmes were at that town. Some of the details as to the scuffle on the shore also conflict somewhat with the accounts given by M. Dufoureq, Baron Lumbroso, and Mr. R. M. Johnston. The informant of Mr. Auldjo was probably a British naval officer, possibly Colonel Robinson himself. Accounts of a desperate enterprise, ending in failure, always vary; but in this narrative we have the clearness of outline that justifies belief, at least as regards the events that concerned the flotilla. They harmonise with the instructions given to Captain Bastard of the *Meander*, which show that the British Government wished to save Murat from the consequences of his rashness. It was of no avail; and, as we think of the other alternative open to Murat, that of proceeding to Trieste, and living in the Hapsburg Dominions with his shrewish and exacting wife, we cannot altogether regret that events fell out as they did. It may be, as Napoleon said to Gourgaud ("Journal," vol. ii. p. 263), that it was sheer folly for Murat to try to regain the Neapolitan crown with a handful of men, when with sixty thousand he could not keep it; also that he would have done better to live on with his wife and children. That was the verdict of an autocrat who claimed to dictate the conduct of all his relatives. But our imagination refuses to picture *le beau sabreur* subsisting on a Hapsburg pension, along with Caroline Bonaparte, any more than Lear ending his days in quiet contentment with Goneril and Regan. In such cases we realise the truth of the saying of Novalis, "Character is Destiny."

J. HOLLAND ROSE.

EAST AND WEST

IT does not require much perspicacity to discover that the relations which have existed for the last two centuries between the East and the West are undergoing a modification which is the precursor of a change. Signs are numerous that throughout the greater part of the East there is a growing tendency to challenge the superiority of the Occidental, and to enter into competition with him in his own domains and by the use of his own methods. Encouraged by the phenomenal success of Japan since her adoption of some of the principal forms of Western civilisation, the more intelligent of the Eastern races are beginning to aspire to a greater place in the world than they now occupy. In India, as the last national congress clearly showed, the natives are seeking to establish a claim to a direct participation in administrative affairs—a claim that is based upon their increasing competence for such a participation, due to the European education of many among them, and to their knowledge of the English tongue. A press exists which supports these claims, and which increases in efficiency as the years go by. Quite recently the abolition of caste, the greatest obstacle to international social relations, has been advocated by a leading Hindoo, and there is clearly manifested a national spirit which must eventually tend, as the official rulers know, towards self-government.

In China, the progress of Japan is being watched with interest, and sympathy is evinced with the semi-Mongols,

who are probably destined to be the initiators of the Chinese into the science of the West. In Egypt, where a certain process of anglicisation is taking place, there is a less consistent effort in the direction of independent thought owing to the domination of two powers, but the tone of the Arabic press frequently denotes the independent aspirations of the people. Persia remains a country on the Eastern model little open to Western thought, but peaceable and sufficiently happy under native rule which has certainly increased in clemency since the Persian kings have visited the West. Even in Persia, however, the Western arts and sciences are being gradually acquired. Turkey may be said to be partly Europeanised, and may one day obtain the constitution which the more enlightened Turks demand. Siam is considerably westernised, and the son of the Sultan of Zanzibar was educated in England.

But notwithstanding the constantly increasing facilities for communication between the East and the West, the two great divisions—the Oriental and the Occidental—remain ethnologically and virtually mentally distinct. Let us see what constitutes the difference between them. The physical difference is mainly one of pigment. The skin of the red, the brown and the yellow races derives its hue from the colouring-matter which exists beneath it, and this matter is a result, as ethnologists have shown, of exposure to the sun's rays during childhood and to hereditary transmission. There is, in addition to this, a less harmonious and well-proportioned facial and cranial development among the Eastern races than among the Western, exception being made for the Arab. The light and heat of the sun not only colour the skin but they also affect the features of the face and to some extent the form of the body, so that, taken as a whole, the Oriental race is wanting in æsthetic quality.

Pigment and form and feature, however, are not the only factors of differentiation. There is another of a far more complex nature—mental character. Just as the sun has had an

influence on the physical aspect of the Eastern man, so it has had an effect upon his mental composition. While the Western mind works in a certain generical manner the Eastern mind works in a way which is largely inverse to it. A current of thought runs through the whole of the Western world, another current flows through the Eastern. The Western current is that which is considered by Occidentals to be the saner one, and it is certainly that which is swollen by the greatest number of accurate ideas evolved during long centuries of reflection under favourable thermal conditions. It is joined to an affective and emotional nature of a higher degree of refinement than is generally to be found among Orientals. It is more logical in its processes and more inquisitive. The Eastern mind, although excessively acute in an instinctive sense, is faulty in induction and is frequently rendered lethargic from climatic causes. It possesses only slight inventive powers; it has a natural tendency towards extravagance and speculation, and it is given to form hasty and illogical conclusions. It has nevertheless phenomenal mnemonic powers and a certain aptitude for mathematics. Among Orientals, instinct, to a considerable extent, takes the place of what in Europe is commonly called sentiment. Even what sentiment the Oriental does possess is carefully concealed, as indeed are his emotions. The Oriental has not yet overcome the primitive wariness against the hostile enterprises of the neighbour, and conceals his feelings carefully lest they should betray him to his enemies. Having generally less delicate sensations than the European, it is not surprising that he should be more inclined to inflict physical suffering; that he is found in China to ring prisoners to death in belfries and in Turkey to mutilate and torture foes. Evidently the Oriental mentality is greatly divergent from our own. It has devised the seclusion or partial seclusion of women. Nearly all the religious systems of the world, and certainly those which survive in the West to day, are due to it. Up to the present the Oriental notion of government has been paternally autocratic, and democratic

principles have not obtained in the East probably because Orientals are unable to conceive equality. In the East there is a greater callousness towards death than in Europe, due no doubt to a less sensitive nervous organisation and to a more profound belief in a future state. Whenever the Oriental races engage in warfare, it is seen with what recklessness they throw away their lives; when they die by natural causes they are soon forgotten by their relatives and friends. They lead more nearly than Europeans the life of nature, exhibiting the callousness of nature to individual destinies, eager to perpetuate the race, valuing the male child much higher than the female.

The peoples which have these characteristics in common may be held to dwell between the 40th degree of north latitude and the 25th degree of south, and between the 160th degree of longitude east and the 15th degree of longitude west. They number, according to the last census and estimates, over 920 millions. Throughout this vast population a similarity of thought may be clearly traced. There is an Eastern mind as surely as there is a coloured humanity, and it is upon the future direction and development of this mind that a skein of the world's destiny depends. What are we to expect from the Oriental? Is he to remain stationary or can he be moulded into Western form and develop with that form, or is he to develop on lines peculiar to himself? Are we to see Western civilisation replacing the ancient civilisation of the East, if civilisation it may be called, or are we to expect that the East will take as much of our civilisation as suits it and leave the rest? Finally, is any fusion possible between the two great divisions of men?

It is evident that the Eastern man his hitherto appeared to the Western as having arrived at a state from which he has no prospect of issuing. It has seemed as though, having reached a slight degree of skill in the arts of government and of conduct, and evolved certain ornate forms of architectural and decorative art, he has ceased to develop either intellectually or morally. But is this a true conclusion to arrive at?

Is the Oriental for ever destined to lead the life which he is leading now, adopting some of the inventions of the West, and either using them badly or applying them to ends for which they were not meant, as in Turkey, submitting to the unquestioned rule of powerful men in a society organised to some extent on the plan of Western society in the Middle Ages? It is certainly true that to a great many Europeans who have mixed with Orientals the Eastern character has seemed a hopeless medley of simplicity and cunning, fidelity and treachery, wisdom and folly, suspicion and trust, cruelty and superstition, which is always stultifying itself and always needing the presence at its side of the more ponderated Western character, and although there is no doubt that the judgment of Europeans as to the majority of Orientals has been considerably justified by one set of facts, yet another set is not wanting which tends to support a less unfavourable view. Undoubtedly the Oriental possesses the defects which have been attributed to him, including many which it is not necessary to enumerate, but on the other hand he possesses qualities which Europeans have generally been too ready to ignore. He is temperate in food, is generally serious in disposition, has a spirit of family cohesion (witness the cohabitation of families in India and elsewhere), and although generally over-ready to consider wrong as a necessary and normal condition of human things and to condone it, he has, nevertheless, a sufficiently clear realisation of it, though not always of its consequences; he possesses social qualities which, as regards ordinary intercourse with his own race, are almost on a level with those of the European. He has also a characteristic that must be taken into consideration: he is particularly open to suggestion in the sense which experimental psychology has given to the word, and it is this characteristic which has hitherto tended to make him so docile in the hands of his rulers in the countries where he has been ruled. If told by a materially or intellectually powerful man to act in a certain way, to perform certain duties, to observe certain rules,

he is naturally inclined to acquiesce, whatever the injunctions may be. In religion, fanaticism frequently results from this trait. Climatic and other influences have hindered the development of exact ideas to a considerable extent in his mind, but under an intelligent and firm master he usually perceives their necessity, and conforms himself to it. His will is to a great extent malleable, and as he is by nature imitative, it is evident that he is less unchangeable than he has been supposed to be. The Western mind can, and does mould the Eastern even now, and the results which have been achieved in India, as well as those which are being obtained in Egypt, go to prove that there is no impediment to the inculcation of the best principles of Western civilisation in the East, and that the Eastern man *can* conceive strict justice and practise it when he has been efficiently taught.¹

No doubt the Eastern man has still to acquire powers of forming logical judgments and inductions from facts, and no doubt climatic influences will always tend to check his energy and to give a certain colour to his thoughts. Such, at all events, were the conclusions to be arrived at until a section of the Eastern race, inhabiting an island and enterprising as most islanders in the world's history have shown themselves to be, began to exhibit not only the power of assimilating the processes of the West, but also a proficiency in their application. Ethnologists tell us that the Jap, this remarkable islander, possesses a cranial feature, the *os japonicum*, which differentiates him not only from the European, but also from the remainder of the Oriental races, and certainly he has lately shown a wonderful facility for the adoption of new ideas, whenever such seem good to him, without the hesitancy and delay which often

¹ "Whatever may be said about the prevalence of corrupt practices and of other abuses which exist in this country, it is certain that the class of honest, intelligent and thoroughly well-intentioned Egyptian officials is steadily increasing in number."—Cromer, Parliamentary Reports 1903, "Egypt and the Soudan," p. 34. "In spite of the disparagement of which the native courts are not infrequently the object, there is no doubt whatever that the native judges, as a body, are steadily improving."—*Ibid.* p. 49.

precede their adoption in the West. He has also exhibited a sober activity, an extraordinary and sacrificial patriotism, considerable though perhaps imitative humanity in war, amenity and simplicity in ordinary intercourse—all of which have excited the admiration of Europe. It has been urged that the use of a picture alphabet, with the endless practice which it affords in association of ideas, has been largely instrumental in giving to this race the extraordinary powers of assimilation which it possesses, but the Chinese use the same combinations of word-forms and yet, although distinguished in philosophy, they have not displayed the same suppleness of intellect, the same force of achievement and ardent patriotism as the Japanese. Certainly the Japs have a greater cerebral development, as their heads show, than most of the Eastern races, and there can be no doubt that the island they inhabit is endowed with great natural advantages. Nevertheless these facts are scarcely sufficient to warrant the assertion that they alone, among the Eastern races, are able to progress. We do not know what another Oriental empire might achieve if, shaking off its most limiting traditions, it endeavoured to adopt all that is good in Western conceptions. India, though not free, is slowly preparing for the task by means of Western education, notwithstanding the discouragement which the educated Indians receive at the hands of the Government. It is very plain that there is a desire among the educated natives of India both to maintain the European system in their nation and to practise and develop it themselves. Some Indians, who are enthusiastic, consider that they are already sufficiently westernised to walk alone; but this is doubtful. A reversion to the ancient habits of thought might speedily occur were the controlling influence rapidly removed. A certain satisfaction might be derived from a return to the ancestral ways, and we can easily imagine a party somewhat analogous to the *Chauviniste* party in France gaining the ascendancy and enforcing a restoration of Indian tradition. But there is reason to think that in India and elsewhere such restorations would only be temporary,

and the Eastern races are slowly but surely drifting towards the adoption of as many of the Western ideals as are consistent with the climatic conditions in which they live. Gradually, all over the East, the Western dress tends to encroach on the Eastern. Hybrid costumes are to be met with in most parts of the East. In Turkey, among the higher classes at least, the Western dress more or less modified has replaced the ancient garments. Probably, were it not for the semi-religious character of the flowing robes of the age of Mohammed, Moslems would have adopted European dress more largely than they have; although, of course, there are climatic reasons in favour of the Eastern attire, as is clearly shown by the readiness with which Japanese military men, when off duty, exchange the European uniform for the loose native dress. In architecture, the East tends to imitate the West. Cairo, somewhat in spite of its natives no doubt, is becoming largely European, like the cities of British India, and to find truly Eastern towns it is necessary to seek the Indian native states, or such cities as Teheran, Ispahan, Damascus, all of which are existing on their ancient splendour. In the matter of food, the Oriental cannot easily imitate the European, and it is not probable that any change can be effected in this direction. In regard to the seclusion of women, the Eastern prejudice is likely to endure, although there are indications that the ladies of Constantinople are inclined to revolt at times against an order of society which excludes them from social gatherings in which the sexes meet. The ancient and unscientific system of medicine in the East is becoming discredited in favour of European methods. Soon the *tabib* will be a figure of the past. Railways are growing and are beginning to traverse tracts of territory which for ages were only trodden by the camel, and although Pasha-domination and oppression are still witnessed, there are signs that the Oriental peoples are becoming aware of the value of just rule, and that they are evincing a desire to see it practised by their own governors. It is plain that while Oriental ideas make no progress in the West.

Western ideas do tend to spread in the East. There can be but little doubt that there is a continual drift of thought from West to East which must tend towards the partial occidentalisation of the Eastern races.

The Orientals have perceived that it is only by an assimilation of Western thought that they can hope to cope with the West in any of the fields of human endeavour, and the time is probably not far distant when they will be able to compete successfully with Occidentals. Already the Parsee merchants in India and the Chinese merchants in the French possessions of Cochin-China are beating Europeans in trade. Native doctors and barristers with European qualifications are appearing in most countries of the East. The "unchanging East" is changing.

It is evident that in so far as the Eastern man can be moulded into Western form, he must tend to develop with that form, and having regard to the poverty of his inventive faculty, it does not seem probable that he will originate any new form of his own, although it is possible that he may devise some modifications not altogether without value.

How much will the Oriental take from the West? It is not easy to answer this question. As regards the religion of the West, he has clearly shown, and will almost of a certainty continue to show that he will have none of it; but in regard to Western customs, it is difficult to say how much he will adopt and how much he will reject. No doubt he will never abandon the whole of his traditional code, not even—and this brings us to the last eventuality—should a fusion take place between him and the Western races.

Now what probability is there of such a fusion? Little apparently if we judge by the strength of the existing prejudice against mixed marriages. Although often descended from the same Aryan stock, Occidentals consider unions with Orientals as derogatory to their race. There is a profound dislike on the part of the Europeans, and especially on the part of the English, to intermarry with those whom they have long been accustomed to consider as inferiors. Their dislike has grown to be instinc-

tive, and is seldom reasoned. A strong conviction that they are the more beautiful, the more moral, the more powerful, the more intellectual, the more sagacious representatives of the human race, has no doubt contributed to this feeling, and it has been strengthened by the desire for a perpetual domination which a fusion of races would undermine, and by observation of the generally unsatisfactory results of mixed unions, the children of which frequently exhibit defects or discordant characteristics for several generations, due to the shock of divergent mentalities. It is remarkable also that while the efforts of Europeans are exerted to preserve their race from a mixture of skin and form and mind, no such endeavours are made by Orientals, who may be said to have little or no pre-formed opinion on the subject, and who, especially when in Europe, often show themselves desirous and even anxious to marry with the Western peoples. Is this a proof that the Eastern races admit the superiority claimed by the Western? Or is it that, nearer to nature than the Westerns, they mate with the indifference of nature? It certainly seems that it is equivalent to an admission of the superiority of the races of the temperate zone, although there is little doubt that in mating, Orientals are largely indifferent to considerations which affect the Western man. And yet there are not two species but one, and from a purely biological point of view, there is no reason why a unification of the world's white and slightly coloured races should not be made, which, after a period of fusion, should not result beneficially according to the principle by which cross-breeding produces an increase of vigour. But it must at once be added that the period of fusion, during which the rhythm of the races, the hereditary impulses of ages, were being altered and a new rhythm and new impulses were being formed, must be of such great duration and probably so fertile in mental confusion and moral regression, that it would require great confidence in the biological principle involved and great temerity to advocate the racial blend. If we only consider the human race as a whole, it may be that the fusion would be beneficial. It might open the way to a vast synthesis from

which a new humanity might spring in greater harmony with terrestrial conditions than any that the world has seen. It might open new horizons unsuspected now ; it might lead us to a greater wisdom. But if we consider only each race separately in its immediate future, we can scarcely doubt that suffering of great extent must be experienced. Even if in the course of time a successful fusion had been made, the new race would still be confronted by a bar, truly a sinister bar to mundane unity—the black contingent of mankind. It would be forced to decide whether it would for ever leave the negro to in-breed or whether it would cast aside all ethical, æsthetic and cultural feelings and repugnances, and admit him to the final union of the species. Upon the course which it might take we cannot speculate. Nature does not oppose the crossing, but tradition and sentiment forbid it. A fusion of white and brown would be a step in the direction of the crossing, but who can say that such a fusion will ever be produced ?

Yet let us not be blind to the signs which present events afford. The West has trained the East to the use of its own arms. In its commercial zeal it has supplied it with the instruments of war. The day may come when it will be compelled to combine its forces to resist the will of allied Eastern rulers, possessed of the coercive means which it has itself provided. Let us not forget that there is in the Oriental a latent spirit of exultant cruelty which might make the domination of an Eastern will the greatest scourge the West had ever known. The natural opponents of the Western nations, so long as they remain separate, must be the Eastern peoples. As soon as the latter become powerful, they may seek to pay off ancient scores, and when they do, or if they do, what shall hinder them from following the course of men in history and striking where they find a vulnerable spot ? One force alone, it seems, can act as an impediment—the force of a truly moral Western education, teaching, among other things, the folly and iniquity of war.

F CARREL.

ON CATALOGUE READING

I WONDER sometimes why the discerning and sensitive reader should ever condescend to books while book catalogues are obtainable. The book catalogue is the dream, the ideal, the ever-alluring vision, beside which the library of actual books, be it Richard de Bury's or Locker-Lampson's, is but the dim and straitened real. "Let intellectual tubes give thee a glimpse of things which visive organs reach not," said Sir Thomas Browne, who would, I am sure, have written a meditation on catalogues had they flourished in his day as plentifully as they do in ours. It is almost to be wondered at that he did not do it, for the booksellers' catalogues of his own time, if unfrequent, were stately productions, with their resounding titles and elaborate descriptions. The first of them all was produced by William London, a bookseller of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1657, just one year before the publication of the "Hydriotaphia," and it boasted an introduction on the "Use of Books" which would not have been wholly unworthy of the pen of the philosophic doctor himself, and which, at the time, was attributed to the learned and pious Bishop Juxon. It is after this fashion that the worthy bookseller magnifies his office :

These (the treasures of learning) are the true riches which cannot be taken from me ; which are situate from the finger of the greedy plunderer. The evil fate of cloudy times cannot make me compound for these riches within, nor can the sequesterer deprive me of a thought ; they are beyond his reach. The

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freedom of my soul hath a charter to uphold it that envy itself cannot touch nor break. I can traffic for knowledge in the midst of fiery combustions and perturbations and no cannon can reach me. I can sit in a contemplative cabin and no martial alarm can disturb me. . . Wisdom and knowledge are the very load-stones and attractives of honour; these are they which aggrandise a man's acceptation to the most wise with great affection and courtesy. His worth is perpetuated with the remembrance of honour.

There is a ring of reality in the passage when the date of its appearance is considered. In 1657, when Cromwell and his major-generals held a restive England in their iron control, an England which prayed for and pledged King Charles in secret; when Scotland still remembered its "Covenanted King," and the head of Montrose yet mouldered over Edinburgh Tolbooth, some of those phrases meant more than merely conventional philosophy. Royalist "plunderings" and Puritan "sequestrations" (they came to much the same thing under their lawless or lawful designations) were still burning memories, and happy he who, in the evil fate of cloudy times, had found for himself a retreat beyond the alarums of war and a treasure safe from despoilment. Yet, after all, the "Catalogue of the most Vendible Books in England" did but glorify learning and literature in the accepted manner. Sir Thomas, with his grave whimsicality, would have seen more in a catalogue than a mere roll and register of books. Turning over the leaves of the latest booklet from "The Pynson Head" or "The Caxton Press," one may imagine in what grave cadences, with what pomp of strange and magnificent diction, the writer of "Urn Buriall" would have philosophised over such a medley of past and present, such an ironical conjuncture of unfamiliar companions. "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppies," and not less blindly does the caprice of remembrance draw together these names and titles. Here are sober divines cheek by jowl with the rakes of the Restoration, writers of lampoons, love-songs, and unreadable plays. Here mystic and sceptic neighbour each other; and some rare missal, exquisite with the tracery in

azure, vermillion, and gold, in which the pious mediæval scribe wrought his faith as well as his art, may, by the chance of cataloguing, be set next to Hobbes or Machiavelli. Immortal and ephemeral, too, take their places with scarce a distinction, unless it be that the fugitive and almost forgotten volume is likely to be the rarer in a book-collector's eyes. Now and again the compiler of the catalogue puts in a touch of significant and unconscious satire. Who can forbear a smile at such an item as "Christian Morals; scarce"?

Almost I am inclined to hold that the true catalogue reader should be above the materialism of buying; but that, I confess, is a counsel of perfection. Personally, I may avow that I buy when I can—and, sometimes, when by all the laws of right reason I cannot—and a catalogue is always a disappointment when it fails to afford a few agonising and almost irresistible temptations. Yet I can conceive of a true idealist who should enrich his imaginary library merely by reading and marking catalogues, and who should savour a subtle delight in constructing an entire book from the alluring and often illusive title. The earlier writers were kindlier in this respect, and whoso read their title-pages could divine the rest of the volume. To light on a book *shewing* (in black letter) *the Mirrour of Nobilitie; the Map of Honour, Anatomie of Rare Fortunes, Heroicall Presidents of Love, Wonder of Chivalrie and the most accomplished Knight of all Perfection*, is enough, surely, to put the reader in right valorous and chivalric mood. He were but a dullard who should need to read through the two thick volumes in quarto. That trumpet blast of a title is enough to suggest all Don Quixote's library of knightly romance, and, by the way, this in its original Spanish was among them and was condemned to be burned to ashes by that cruellest of censors, the Licentiate. Or, if theological rather than romantic literature be desired, what of such a title as this: *Christ's Victorie over Sathan's Tyrannie. Wherein is contained a Catalogue of all Christ's faithful Soldiers that the Divell either by his grand Captaines the Emperours or*

his most dearly loved Sonnes and Heyres the Popes have most cruelly Martyred for the Truth." There is more of it, but surely that will suffice to show the passionate hate and fear of Rome which possessed England in 1611, a legacy from those days so near at hand which witnessed the fires of Smithfield and saw the galleons of Philip of Spain loom, pregnant with menace, on the sealine. I protest that no reasonable being ought to desire to labour through the long black letter record of martyrdoms, nor should it even be needful to touch the worn leather which bears in faded gilding the arms of Charles the Martyr; the item in the catalogue is suggestive enough of the ironic contrasts when the royal owner of the Protestant martyrology went to his "martyrdom"—not at the hands of Rome. Did any one say——? but then I never claimed that I was a reasonable being.

There are always plenty of Stuart books to be found in catalogues, and to those who know the writers the bare juxtaposition of names is often striking enough. Here on a late list I find two volumes side by side: *Eikon Basilike* and the life of Sir John Eliot—"The King's Book," with its pathetic portrayal of a faltering spirit lifted into strength, its poignant confession, "Thou knowest the contradiction between my heart and my hand," its final serene and steadfast resignation—I think no one who reads it can fail to be half-Royalist for the moment, or can question too closely whether the King's hand or another's has here limned for us the King's face. But following that, Sir John Eliot, the fiery patriot, the poetic visionary, bearing through long years of captivity a martyrdom beside which the swift enfranchisement of the axe was merciful, and bearing it for the sin of having opposed his King. I recall the spiritual beauty of Eliot's writings composed in prison, in "liberty of mind, for other liberty I know not," I remember that Charles refused to allow even his dead body to be borne to his Cornish home, and the "Royal Image" is blurred. Here are the items, mutely fronting each other with all the problems of opposing heroisms,

irreconcilable ideals. And I turn over the leaf and pray in perplexity,

O make in me these civil wars to cease !

Fortunately, catalogues provide reading of less tragic significance. I am neither herald nor herbalist, but I delight in the pages devoted to those subjects ; perhaps I delight in them the more because in that department I approach the ideal catalogue-reader and am content with the catalogue. To collect herbals and works on heraldry is to court speedy ruin, but their titles give charm to any list. Almost I prefer the herbals—herballs, they are more apt to call themselves, with their quaint, sweet-scented titles, Parkinson's Paradise, Gerard, Dodoens and the rest. Coming on one of them calls up a picture of some old-world pleasaunce, such as Bacon or Evelyn might have delighted in, fantastic with clipped yew, with my Lady's herb-garden, full of curious and beneficent simples, set within its sheltering walls. The old books, nay, the very names of them, make a space of green quietness and sunny fragrance, as does that exquisite and incongruous verse of the old hymn-writer dropped among the remote splendours of the New Jerusalem :

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

And to complete the visionary garden, here is a "Treatise on Dialling," with a long and learned sub-title, published at the Signe of the Marigold, in Paul's Churchyard, in the year 1636. Certainly there must be a sun-dial in every complete garden, offering its brief word of monition or mystical philosophy or, more rarely, its personal confession, like the one which, after its praise of solitude and sweet retiredness (all in scholarly Latin), breaks suddenly into thanksgiving to the Lord who crowns the work of our hands and closes with a triumphant 'Vivat Carolus Secundus.' That inscription was cut soon

after the glorious Restoration, and I am inclined to hope that the good Cavalier did not live to see too many hours and seasons measured on his loyal dial; he might have discerned spots on his new-risen sun of royalty. Catalogue reading may perhaps lead to discursiveness; it certainly affords a good variety of subject. I spoke of heraldry, and here I confess that I enjoy the frankly pompous style of the old writers. Modern works, however accurate and minute, fail in the resounding phraseology becoming to wearers of the tabard; but "Theatre of Honour and Knighthood," "The Mirror of Nobilite," "Honor Redivivus; an Analysis of Honor and Armory," these and their like sweep before us, a fine pageant of antiquated splendour. They recall the days when a knight's or noble's armorial bearings were fraught with a vital—it might be a mortal significance; when a misleading glimpse of de Montfort's White Lion heralded ruin at Evesham, and the confusion of Oxford's Star and Edward's "Sun with Stremys," blurred in the mist at Barnet, decided the fate of a dynasty. Yes, "the glories of our birth and state" can be well suggested by a bookseller's catalogue.

Or if perchance the reader be in adventurous mood, then what seas are for his sailing, what unmapped countries beckon him on. Old Hakluyt's "Traffiques and Discoveries" from which our later day singer of the Seven Seas caught up his title, and "Purchas his Pilgrimes," setting forth "A World of the World's Rareties by a World of Eye-witness Authors, Related to this World." These and many a less known volume offer the story of the venturers who pushed forth into yet uncharted waters and saw—ah, such wonders as none of us shall see, though we voyage beneath the Northern lights or seek that Afrique which no longer boasts dragons in its wastes, or hides in any jungle the City with Roofs of Gold. One of the sailors with old Hendrick Hudson saw a real mermaid with a tail much like a porpoise, I remember, and that encounter was but an incident among many scarce less marvellous. With the aid of these old, oddly spelled titles it is easy to outsail

the most daring captains ever sent forth by Henry the Navigator, to reach El Dorado and the Fortunate Isles, to find the North-West Passage so many sought in vain, to look on the fabulous treasures of Inde, to return with captured Spanish galleons, dusky prisoners, and cargoes of spice and tropic wood. No need in such voyaging to come back, as did Raleigh, with "broken brains," or to meet with any fate of frustration. Never were actual seafarings, even in the spacious days, quite so wide, so mysterious, so richly guerdoned, as those suggested by the magnificent titles of the early chronicles.

There are other wanderings ready for the errant fancy, for here on one page are Nostradamus and Lilly, the latter specially impressive with his "Christian Astrology Modestly Treated of," and so on in a title which occupies the best part of a column offering to instruct the student "how to Judge or Resolve all Manner of Questions contingent unto Man." Worthy old Lilly, who juggled with the stars a trifle, it was said, when the Parliament urgently needed promise of a victory to appease the popular mood. They are only amusing to most of us now, those books of occultism with their apparitions, conjurations, and omens, and above all their pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone. El Dorado or the Philosopher's Stone, 'tis all one, still the eternal quest and vision, written legibly here on the pages of my catalogue. It is a shock to turn the leaf and come on Hudibras grimly mocking at the whole jargon of necromancy, but he brings one back from far voyaging, whether on actual seas or among misty speculations, and calls up the Restoration world of mordant wit, wearied frivolity, and artificial ardours; a world so much more dead and gone than that daring Elizabethan age of Traffiques and Discoveries, which still, across so many years, is quick with valiant life and fresh with all the winds of the seas. The time of the Restoration is as modish and out-moded as this enticing volume of "New Plays," dated 1660.

It seems to me that the older a book is the more instant and vital its appeal to the imagination when it is encountered

in a catalogue. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that later books tempt to more ordinary methods of enjoyment; one wants to buy and read them. But these antique tomes, so fascinating to the fancy, do not always prove rewarding in possession. True, the old chronicles are almost invariably so vivid, so human, that it is worth while to descend from the heights of ideality, pay for and own them. Robert of Gloucester (alas, he can only be had in a comparatively recent edition) is keen and quick with living interest when once the oddities of his thirteenth-century English have been overcome; and the pictures he limns for us are distinct as those which gleam even now from the borders of early MSS.: saint and king and armoured knight, set for us in unfaded pigments in some square inches of vellum. The later, more familiar chronicles: Froissart and de Joinville, Holinshed, Hall, and Stowe need no celebration; the mere names of them call up *mêlée* and pageant, show us knights at tourney, kings in the sterner tilt-yard of battle, crusaders going forth to redeem the Holy Sepulchre—see, those drooping standards, that hush of mourning over camp and ships, mean that the ninth Louis, King and Saint, lies dying on strange soil at the outset of his sacred quest. It is of a very different Louis that Philippe de Commines, Sieur d'Argenton, has to tell in his shrewd, racy fashion—I wonder to how many people the name of de Commines or Louis XI. means—just Quentin Durward.

The chronicles, then, may be acknowledged as good to read as to read about, but I am not sure that the romance of old days is, when seen face to face, as romantic as their history. I love to linger over that delectable catalogue of books left by Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, to the monks of Bordesley Abbey about the year of grace 1359. If one may judge by the proportion of volumes sacred and profane, the good brothers must have dreamed of banquet and tourney, the lists of honour and of love when they should have been conning their "Book of Hours." It is true there is a book of "The Evangelists and Lives of the Saints," and divers other pious works, but they

are lost among the Feats of Charlemagne and of William "de Loungespe." The volume which tells how Adam was driven forth of Paradise neighbours one containing a whole group of romances. Then follows a "Romance of Troy," one of Brutus and one of Constantine: "Un Volume de la Mort ly Roy Arthur"; "Un Volum del Romaunce de Amase e de Idoine"; "Un Volum en le quel sonnt contenuz les Enfaunce Nostre Seygneur"; and "Un petit rouge livre, en le quel sovnt contenuz mons diverse choses." That little red book which contains diverse things is, I think, the most fascinating item of all. I can make a guess at all the others, having dabbled at times in old-world romances and in Lives of the Saints, but that little red book is for ever sealed and set apart. Was it worldly or devout? How did Guy of Warwick come to include it in his library? What did the monks make of it, nameless waif and stray that it was, among the Lives of St. Bernard and St. Juliana and the Romances of Arthur and Alexander? It may have been studied and copied in the Scriptorium [did it have illuminations, I wonder?] or read, if the armarian allowed it, in the cloister garden, or— But the little red book is gone as utterly as the Library of Alexandria or Savonarola's Bonfire of Vanities, and I shall never know the least of all the diverse things it held.

Those same romances which sound so gallantly and well in the list might chance to prove but dull reading nowadays, if they could all be recovered. At least such of the early knightly tales as have survived—leaving out the few immortals—drag somewhat in the telling. Huon of Bordeaux is too certain of having his fairy ally, King Oberon, at hand in any need; I come to doubt even of Oberon, which is shocking in the case of so well-authenticated a personage. Renaud of Montaubon, pattern of antique allegiance that he is, seems to me considerably less true and moving a character than his noble horse Bayard. On the whole, I prefer Fulke de Fitz Warin, that early and bewildering specimen of historical romance, which deals with a real man in a real country, and

then brings fiery dragons sailing happily into the midst of the contentions of John Lackland and his barons. I will be content, therefore, for the most part to leave the old chivalric stories to enrich the pages of catalogues in company with their late and rather degenerate successors, "Le Grand Cyrus," and the other interminable "heroic" novels of France. True, there are the romances which can never lose hold on the heart. Seeing those the reader thinks not of the long-dead men and women—knights in brodered surcoat, ladies in *sasquenice* and coif—who may have listened to them in days by-gone, but of the ever living men and women who strive and love and grieve in the quaint old English. To see the *Morte d'Arthur* mentioned in any form, whether in the manuscript of the monks of Bordesley, or in the latest reprint of the day, is enough to beguile the fancy straightway into enchanted woodland ways where lances shiver in knightly encounter, where love rides a-Maying, and where the mystic Quest of the San Grael leads alike from earthly warfare and earthly love. Another book which is always suggestive is the very antithesis of Malory's chivalric tale in its emblazoned English. The "Vision of Piers Plowman" deals no less with wandering and with strife, and with a transcending love—a love that is "leach of all." But the word is significant. Will Langland, the singer of the peasant's woes and wrongs, sought no remote and shining vision, no city of Sarras, in the spiritual place; whereto only the elect knight may come. He sought a leech of love who should come into the real and harsh world with healing and deliverance, a saviour who should don peasant weeds,

This Jhesus of his gentries
Wol juste in Piers arnes
In his helm and haubergeon.

So the quest of this rough rhymers is by no woodland ways,
but on the blank high road.

I wole become a pilgrym
And walken as wide

As the world lasteth
To seeken Piers the Plowman
That Pryde maye destruye.

Pride, which is at the heart's root with Malory, for all his devoutness, a devoutness, indeed, which pales before the splendour of human love. "And therefore, lady," says Lancelot to the Queen, "sithen ye have taken you to perfection, I must needs take me to perfection of right. For I take record of God in you I have had mine earthly joy." Yes, in the ideal library I collect from my catalogues, and possible in the real one which is less sumptuous, I put the courtly chronicler of knighthood beside the harsh singer of plowman and peasant, and so try to complete the picture of that mediæval world which held thrall and outlaw as well as minstrel and knight errant.

It may be not unreasonably protested that such wandering thoughts as I have here set down might be as well suggested by the ownership of books as by the desire of them; that in fact a library would answer the purpose quite as well as a catalogue. But a library has its limits, and so has the owner thereof, whereas I can mark on catalogues more books than I dare ever hope to possess or could read through if I had them. Moreover the books actually on my shelves have bodies as well as souls and clamour for care. I want to be able to claim that like a book-collector of old,

Full goodly bound in pleasant coverture
Of Damas, Sathin, or els of velvet pure
I keep them sure, fearing least they should be lost.

Elia well knew the pathos of "shivering folios" which lack worthy binding, while "blockheaded encyclopædias" go warm in Russia or Morocco. But the dream volumes called from a catalogue are above material needs. They demand neither shelf-room nor dusting; them the book-worm devours not and they are secure from the hand of the borrower. Then, too, how swift the transitions of the catalogue from grave to gay, from ancient to modern. Led by such a freakish guide it is

indeed possible to "go sailing on a wish from world to world." It should have been, even if it was not, a catalogue which inspired Burton's famous outburst over the infinite variety afforded by study.

For what a world of books offers itself, in all subjects, arts and sciences to the sweet content and capacity of the reader? In arithmetic, geometry, perspective, optic, astronomy, architecture, *sculptura, pictura*, of which so many and such elaborate treatises are of late written. . . What vast tomes are extant in law, physic and divinity, for profit, pleasure, practice, speculation, in verse or prose? their names alone are the subject of great volumes. . . Such is the excellency of these studies that all those ornaments, and childish bubbles of wealth, are not worthy to be compared to them.

Clearly the best way of realising the world which offers itself "to the sweet content and capacity of the reader" is by glancing from name to name, from title to title, pursuing for a few vagrant moments the train of thought suggested by each. Many an item in a catalogue is entertaining where the book itself might scarce be worth shelf-room. I do not greatly desire to own "Proteus Redivivus; or the Art of Wheedling," but a cynic might find satisfaction in reflecting that the good old art is no more out of fashion now than it was in 1675, and that much of our art, literature and commerce thrives by a liberal use of wheedling—now more commonly known as advertisement. I have read—in a mere modern reprint—Peacham's "Worth of a Penny or a Caution to keep Money," with its amazing list of goods to be had for a penny, but how much richer in significance does that same quaint tract appear when it is in the form of a small quarto issued in 1664? Almost I am persuaded that there may be real helpfulness in his instructions, promised in the title, "what honest courses Men in Want may take to live," though probably if I bought the book I should not find much practical assistance. Peacham himself appears to have written for a living, a course not to be commended, unless one is willing to take, as did old Stowe, a licence to beg, bestowed as reward of literary labours and "encouragement" to others to pursue the same.

I like, too, the personal element which imparts an interest, pathetic, humorous or sometimes tragic, to these printed columns. A satire on the Romish priesthood entitled *Rede me and be nott wrothe, For I say no thyng but trothe*, sounds only whimsically amusing till one reads that the author paid for his heretical opinions, dying at the stake in Portugal. The owners as well as the writers of old books cast light and shadow of memory across them. What of a volume once owned by Anthony Babington, that reckless young conspirator lured to his death by the smile of Mary Stuart, and bearing on the fly-leaf a few lines believed to be from the hand of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, prouder and nobler victim to the Stuart doom? I never saw the book in the body, but it stands in a place of honour in the library of my dreams.

The association need not be heroic, however, to impress the imagination. The brief, constantly recurring notes in the catalogue, "marginalia in contemporary hand," "name on fly-leaf," "fine old armorial book-plate," how poignant are those records of bygone possessors! No pious or philosophic meditations ever so bring home to me the instability of all our goods and gauds as do these old book-plates proudly claiming the volume for an owner who is—where? Does he remember his treasures and watch them with a jealous wistfulness as they slip into other, perhaps less loving hands; is he aware that his Elzevirs are driftwood on the bookstalls, or has he grown incurious of earthly wisdom, indifferent to earthly possession? The most significant book-plate I know shows a book, its leaves held open by an hour-glass, the shifting sand well run, with the brief motto, "To-day Mine." Not many book-collectors would care to face that inscription on their beloved tall folios and first editions, but however fanciful their book-plates, however superb in heraldic pomp, they mean to the next owner "Yesterday, Thine."

Truly catalogues tend to become as elegiac as Gray in a Country Churchyard. It is time to turn to blither and kindlier items; to choose some of those books which will not lend

themselves to melancholy. They are not so many, after all. I have known wilfully pessimistic people who could become quite tearful over the reminiscences of lost childhood enshrined in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." But to do anything of the sort is a wilful misuse of the dear little red book which contains as many and delightful diverse things as did ever the little red book of the monks of Bordesley and which offers the key to Wonderland to grown-ups as well as children. I came on a first edition of it lately in a catalogue, and frankly and shamelessly preferred it to a whole row of classical writers from the press of Aldus Minutius and to a beautiful vellum-bound Works of Justin, philosopher and martyr, printed by Frobenius, which had got astray from the library of the Royal Society and carried with it learned memories of Roger Boyle and his air-pump, Kenelm Digby with his Powder of Sympathy, and all the other dilettante scientists of the seventeenth century. Alice and her White Rabbit positively routed all the great personages of the catalogue, and I went off with her to look for the mushroom by which to grow taller or shorter at will—a more noteworthy vegetable than any ever investigated by the Royal Society.

Ah, well, the time has come, not to talk of many things as the immortal Walrus, but to stop talking of them and go back to my catalogues. They hold, I know, many more temptations and delights, and there is no completing the library they suggest. In another world, as the true book-lover has dreamed, it may be possible to settle to reading in a thorough and leisurely manner.

I have a thought that, as we live elsewhere,
So will these dear creations of the brain;
That what I lose unread, I'll find, and there
Take up my joy again.

O then the bliss of blisses, to be freed
From all the wants whereby the world is driven;
With liberty and endless time to read
The libraries of heaven!

Meantime, here on earth, we can read but few and possess still fewer of our desired books. Have I not sighed and dreamed over countless volumes which cried out to have me as their owner, and our mutual desire was all in vain? "The children of Alice call Bartram father," and my rare Civil War pamphlets, my Hakluyt and Purchas, my black-letter Chaucer and my complete Pater, repose on the shelves of the collector and the millionaire. In heaven, perhaps, I shall have them for my own, sealed with an imperishable book-plate. Meantime, I mark my catalogues.

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESENEY.

SAVAGES AND CLOTHES

THAT the adoption of clothes by races accustomed to go naked affects their health is a theory familiar to those who take interest in the ethics of savagery. It receives official countenance in the last Report upon Native Affairs in South Africa. But the authorities take a cheerful view. The mischief is assigned to ignorance of laws which have become instincts with people used to wear clothes and neglect of cleanliness; "but the hard school of experience will teach the Kaffir, as it has taught us, to be more careful." To some minds, perhaps over-scrupulous, it may seem questionable whether we should congratulate ourselves upon a change of habits, very dubiously beneficial and certainly attended by much pain, disease, and death, while the necessary "experience" is being gathered; but this is not to our purpose. Why or how the adoption of clothes impairs the health of a naked savage was demonstrated in the answer to a circular issued by the Government of Cape Colony in 1885, cited by Mr. McCall Theal. It invited magistrates and officers, missionaries, and the leading traders in native territory to furnish information upon various points. One question ran: "Are there any causes in operation tending to affect the future increase of the natives?"—in plain words, to diminish it. Most replies were affirmative, and among other reasons they assigned the use of clothes. The unsophisticated Kaffir is cleanly in his way; he often bathes, though after the operation he daubs his body with red clay and grease. But having once put on a shirt he

does not take it off for any purpose whatever. Rain cannot harm a naked man ; he rolls his kaross tight, and on gaining shelter he has a warm wrap to put on, perfectly dry. But the unfortunate in European clothes must march draggled and shivering. At his journey's end he crouches over the fire, and thus slowly dries himself; the thought of removing his wet garments never occurs to him. So it comes about that all the train of lung diseases and inflammations have been introduced, and continually gather strength. It is alleged that rheumatism was scarcely known among Kaffirs—some say was not known at all—before they took to clothes. In this way the perilous increase of the native may diminish, through a general lowering of health ; for those practical experts of 1885 did not anticipate apparently, as do their successors, that the Kaffir would learn to be more careful in a short time. Attention once called to the evil influence of clothes upon human beings unused to them further testimony soon came to hand. Mr. Carl Lumholtz remarked in Australia that when the natives "begin to wear shirts they become subject to rheumatism and fever." Lung diseases which were formerly unknown are now common. Presently Messrs. Spencer and Gillow added their testimony :

The kindness of the white man who supplies a black with stray bits of clothing is by no means conducive to the longevity of the natives. . . The natural result is that no sooner do they come into contact with the whites than phthisis and other diseases make their appearance ; after a comparatively short time all that can be done is to gather the few remnants of the tribe into some Mission station, where its final extinction may be made as pleasant as possible.

Thus it seems that if the introduction of clothes may be expected to lower the health of Kaffirs and check their increase it can actually exterminate peoples less robust. Probably the drink fiend has been maligned for once ; the charge of wiping out many curious human stocks should be transferred from his shoulders to those of the misguided philanthropist and the enterprising trader who clothed their nakedness.

But larger considerations arise. Perhaps most readers still assume that the general health of savages is lower than our own. Reaction against the sentimental view of barbarism is not yet exhausted. But such questions are answered in these days, not by deductive arguments as of old, but by facts accumulated and compared. Speaking from very wide travel, I myself have no doubt that naked men in general suffer vastly less from sickness than we ; but it is not necessary to take such a wide field for discussion. South Africa offers ground enough. In that same official inquiry of 1885 it was asked whether Bantu or Europeans lived longest ? Nearly all the replies agreed that the former reach more venerable years on an average. But doctors and sanitary reformers insist above all on the greater prolongation of life in this country as evidence of improved health and satisfactory conditions generally. If that view be sound, the blacks of South Africa must have the advantage, when they live longer still. But some of the authorities consulted gave as one reason for their belief the general good health of the natives, in which "prolonged observation shows that they greatly surpass Europeans." The argument runs : they must live longer because they do not suffer so much from disease. It is taken for granted. Another question asked, "Why decrepit, infirm, and half-breed children are not found among Kaffirs ?" Again there is testimony to the sound health of these naked people in the general reply that "owing to their robust constitutions very few decrepit children are born." The explanation to which we are more accustomed follows : cripples used to be put to death ; now they "get lost ;" accidents befall them ; at best they are neglected. All this must obviously be true, but one cannot help dwelling rather on the broad statement, that malformed children are rare because parents are so strong. The scarcity of half-breeds does not concern our theme, but the facts reported are so curious and so little understood that a digression may be allowed. It seems that mulattos are seldom to be found except among the semi-civilised natives, or in places

where shipwrecked or renegade white men have been living as adopted members of a clan. "There is no disgrace to which a native female is subject equal, in the opinion of her kinsfolk, to that of giving birth to a half-breed child." Certainly this is not the state of things we are used to suppose in Europe. But the statement applies only to Bantu races—perhaps, indeed, only to the most virile of these; Hottentot and "Bastard" tribes feel no repugnance to the mixture of blood.

If we be justified in taking length of days as a sign of constitutional vigour, it is unfortunate that exact statistics of the age of savages can scarcely be obtained. Even circumstantial evidence, however positive, may be untrustworthy. In 1885 a very large number of Kaffirs still living professed to have taken part in a famous battle of the year 1818. Fingos surviving had been grown up when the tribe fled from Natal in 1821, Zulus had warred with the Voertrekkers at the same date under Mosselekatze—and they were sturdy veterans yet at eighty-five or so. But such cases are by no means unprecedented in Europe; the force of the argument depending on them is governed simply by the number. And this the Report does not give, content with the assertion that it is "very large." In Europe it is not unusual to meet with veterans who claim to have been present at fights and other notable events which prove to have occurred when they were in the nursery, but it may very well be that Kaffirs would not venture to tell a falsehood in such case, nor could deceive themselves. Certainly there is remarkable evidence forthcoming to support the view that savages live to a great age. The most striking instance is that of Magomba, Chief of Kanyenye. Burton made his acquaintance in 1857, and described him then as a very old man—with grandsons scarcely to be distinguished from himself in the tokens of age, and great-grandsons past their prime. But Cameron found him still ruling his people in 1875, little changed apparently after eighteen years. We are told that his third set of teeth had failed lately, and he was

just cutting a fourth. A mistake of identity is impossible, though one need not credit that he renewed his teeth four times. Apropos of Magomba, Cameron recalled an instance mentioned by Livingstone, which may be accepted on his authority. At Pembereh in 1871 Livingstone found a man who had children thirty years old when Dr. Lacerda passed through M'Kazemba's kraal in 1796; he could scarcely have been less than fifty years old at the time, which would make him a hundred and twenty-five in 1871. But the Arabs assured Cameron that the same worthy was extant in 1874! Memory does not furnish any other examples, supported by authorities like these; but every traveller and every resident in Africa is impressed with a conviction that the blacks live to a great age—in fact, they take it for granted, like the magistrates, missionaries, and traders questioned by the Cape Government. While writing I note a paragraph in the morning's paper: "There are three hundred centenarians in Cape Colony, according to the last census. All but two are natives." It may be urged that the birth and death of many great chiefs have been registered in the last century, none of whom reached years approaching the fabulous, though a very large proportion exceeded three score and ten. But while the Kaffirs were independent, if a reigning chief showed signs of feebleness, forthwith the Indunas began to concert his "happy despatch." Perhaps the custom is not yet dropped. Chaka sought the life of Nathaniel Isaacs, a trader who was so honest as to confess his inability to furnish an elixir of youth; for the great conqueror found his strength failing, and, says Isaacs:

The King of the Zulus must never exhibit proofs of having become unfit to reign. That would be at once a signal for him to prepare to make his exit from this world, it being always followed by the death of the monarch.

So we cannot draw any conclusion from the fact that none of the great chiefs have been centenarians, since their ages were known with certainty.

Other peoples unburdened with clothing are very long-lived, especially the Indians of America, North and South. Tschudi declares that a hundred and thirty years is "by no means singular" in Peru—"and they keep perfect health at that age, with unimpaired faculties." He himself in 1839 examined the baptismal register of an Indian born in 1697. The man told him that from eleven years of age he had taken coca daily; to that drug both whites and natives attribute their long life. But for ninety years this ancient personage had not tasted water. Stevenson examined the church registers at Barranca, Peru, and in seven years he found the burial of eleven Indians whose age averaged one hundred and nine. But a more impressive witness may be cited. Both in Mexico and Peru Humboldt was struck with the number of very old Indians, and the incredible antiquity of some among them. We may be sure it was not without a due sense of responsibility that he declared he had "very often seen them over a hundred years old," in Mexico, especially women. They seldom had grey hair, and their faces were little wrinkled. While at Lima an Indian died at the age of one hundred and forty-three. At ninety he married a woman who lived to a hundred and seventeen. Blindness overtook him at a hundred and thirty, but till that misfortune he used to walk three or four leagues daily. One daughter survived him, aged seventy-seven. Humboldt makes these statements positively; doubtless he had satisfied himself that they were exact. Much the same report comes from Brazil, where, in Minas Geraes, old people of a hundred and twenty or more may be seen, scarcely conscious of the burden of age.

Among the Indians of Minas Geraes also, Mr. Dent roundly asserts, "there is no illness"; one is reminded of a statement in Mr. Theal's History. The Hottentots were attacked by a mysterious disease in 1674. The Board of Directors, so to call them, in Holland, asked Governor Goska what complaints specially afflicted the natives. After inquiry, doubtless, he replied that they were not subject to any fatal

malady, before the arrival of white men. Famine thinned their numbers periodically, but no consequences followed. Many reached a great age. But as soon as they mixed with Europeans disease began to appear. And the Governor attributed this disastrous change to the readiness with which they adopted strange food and habits. From the first Hottentots took to European ways, showing no trace of the independent spirit which long preserved the more virile Kaffir tribes; in fact, compulsion was needed to make Zulus, Gaikas and the rest abandon their ancient habits. So pure-bred Hottentots have almost vanished from the long-settled districts of Cape Colony; to obtain a specimen of their anatomical peculiarities becomes more and more difficult, though traces are common enough. It has been remarked that no mention of leprosy occurs in the early records of South Africa. Public attention seems to have been drawn to the pest in the middle of the eighteenth century, when a white sufferer was discovered. But no malady is more conspicuous and none so horrifying. That it existed at an earlier date is not to be questioned, but surely it must have been very rare indeed to escape public notice so long. Those who show Hottentot blood are still most subject to it. In a report of my visit to the Leper Hospital at Hopetown more than thirty years ago, I wrote: "Kaffirs are found among the patients, but rarely; Hottentots, Korannas and Bushmen are the victims." It may be suspected that the appalling increase is due to the adoption of clothes and other customs of the white man.

The rarity of Bantu cripples and malformed children has been noticed. Humboldt made the same remark on his travels. During five years in Mexico and South America he declares: "I saw no person afflicted with bodily deformity," nor even squinting. But the influence of clothes was not suspected then, and Humboldt found himself unable to believe that congenital defects arise from the "progress of civilisation or luxurious life or corruption of morals." So he

was driven to conclude that our mercenary marriages are responsible above all! They perpetuate deformities which under natural conditions die out with the individual. The cause seems hardly sufficient. It is not true, Humboldt protests, that hardships kill the weakly children in America—they are not born. Corruption had gone so far with the Aztecs in Montezuma's day that he could find dwarfs and humpbacks, as the Conquistadores report, to wait at his table. The search would be vain now—that is, it would have been a century ago. Possibly these wretched creatures are beginning to reappear.

That the naked races are physically stronger on an average will not be disputed, I apprehend, by any experienced person. There may be exceptions, but they must be sought with patience. It would not be exaggeration to say that the average with most of them is equal to that of our trained athletes. At the beginning of African discovery Lander noted this fact with emphasis. Observing three men occupied in raising a load to the shoulders of a porter, he supposed them either weak or shirking—for how should a single person carry what three cannot lift with ease? But on trying, Lander found that he could not move the load an inch, and he noted in his diary “not till after an experiment like this, does the amazing strength of the African appear!” Such practical evidence could be accumulated without measure. Few travellers who keep a journal fail to record the astonishment they felt at some proof of their attendants' vigour, and assuredly seamen who have had those tremendous Krooboys for shipmates will not dispute their supremacy in muscle. Sir Joseph Thompson described his Zanzibari porters, with “sixty to seventy pounds upon their heads, and guns in their hands, patiently toiling up precipitous mountains by the hour together without once stopping to rest, probably singing or shouting all the time.” Not Africans only show greater strength than ours; on the average it is the same with many naked peoples, not to say most. Our Indian fellow subjects must not be included among these, though they wear as little as may be when at

work or in private ; but the British Government most jealously forbids any trial of strength between soldier and sepoy. It is prudent. Mr. Mouat and Mr. Mann agree that the little Andamanese, whom we are taught to call Mincoopis nowadays, handle with ease a bow which the strongest of our blue jackets cannot bend. And their running is "like a bullet." I think the present Rajah Brooke has published an instance of Dyak power and endurance which I myself heard from all concerned, upon the spot, two or three weeks after the event. Mr. Walter Watson, afterwards of the Malay Confederated States Service, broke down on a campaign. He was more than six feet high and quite proportionately big. While his comrades were deliberating how to return such a heavy man to the base along a jungle path, a Dyak chief interposed : "If Tuan Watson can sit in his chair, I'll carry him," he said. And this little fellow, certainly not 5 ft. 2 in., actually did transport the sick giant, doing the first stretch of seven miles in rough forest, without a rest. Such a feat as that must be exceptional, but only athletes of Europe could match the ordinary Dyak youth, averaging 5 ft. 3½ in. at most. And it may be said of them, as of the Hottentots in better days, that they had no fatal maladies until smallpox and the rest were introduced. Lung affections are unknown, and I saw but one case of rheumatism. Malarial fevers attack them, but they are local and not grave. It is significant that St. John's exhaustive volumes contain no reference to disease, except the forms of *Korip*, which are sadly disfiguring but appear to have no constitutional effect. It may be noted in passing that a Chinese doctor cured a bad example of *Korip*, which had defied Bishop MacDougal—a physician of repute before he entered the Church. Mrs. MacDougal herself tells the story. Dr. Wallace's enthusiastic report of the Caribs among whom he lived upon the Amazons is well known. I transcribe only a few lines. "Their figures are generally superb, and I have never felt so much pleasure in gazing at the finest statue as at these living illustrations of the beauty of the human form. The development of the chest is

such as, I believe, never exists in the best-formed European, exhibiting a splendid series of convex undulations without a hollow in any part of it." I find no allusion to disease beyond affections of the skin in certain tribes. Many go quite naked; none have more than the breech-clout.

The strength of the Indian miners in America astonishes all who observe them. Humboldt says that the Mexicans carry 240 lbs. to 380 lbs. from the lowest depth to the surface; he himself made the journey once, unladen, and very tired he was—but they climb up and return all day. That charming writer, Byam, whose "Wild Life in Central America" compares with Belt's famous volume, gives a similar report of the Chili Indians. He found their load 250 lbs. to 260 lbs. generally, but on one occasion it reached 380 lbs., and this the man carried from the bottom of a deep mine up ladders made by simply cutting notches in a tree. The feats of Indians described in "Unknown Mexico" oblige us to bear constantly in mind that Lumholdz was travelling for the Smithsonian Institute on a scientific mission, and therefore must be trustworthy. A youth carried more than 100 lbs. for a hundred and ten miles in seventy hours. The Tarahumari Indians "easily run a hundred and seventy miles without stopping." One man carried a letter and brought back a reply, six hundred miles, in five days. They have grand matches, and in one, which Lumholdz witnessed, the course was a circuit of fourteen miles, which had to be traversed twelve times—a hundred and sixty-eight miles! I do not recollect that he mentions the time spent. They run at a slow jog-trot on these occasions, but all the same they "habitually" pull down a buck. Their "health is wonderful."

We are so familiar with the recuperative power of "natives" when wounded that it has come to be looked upon as a special faculty granted them by Providence. Mention of Bishop MacDougal, a few lines back, recalls an instance which he himself described to me. After the important action of the *Rainbow* with Lanun pirates, one of the

latter was brought aboard with the top of his skull sliced off so effectually that it hung only by the skin. The Bishop, tending the wounded, raised this fragment like a lid and curiously observed the brain ; but, thinking the case hopeless, he passed on, directing his assistants to bind the head together. Looking out of his cabin at the evening meal he saw this man squatted among the crew, feebly eating his portion of rice ; and when the prisoners went ashore, I forget how many days afterwards, he landed with the rest, walking without assistance. A story very similar is told by Carl Bok on his own observation ; he adds that a European would not have recovered for three years, supposing he did not die forthwith ; this Malay was "all right" in three weeks. Pritchard, the missionary, describes how a Samoan boy of his was shot through the chest, "as he breathed, the air seemed to come from the wound." Nothing could be done for him besides applying a piece of young banana leaf daily. But in eight weeks he was "as well as ever." It is undeniable, as Pritchard says, that "wounds which in a white man would bring on mortification, in these Samoans heal with simple daily bathings and cleanliness." But with wider knowledge he would not have limited his remark to one tribe of savages. It is of universal application or almost. One morning a negro crawled into Junker's camp, holding the contents of his body, which had been slashed from side to side. A comrade replaced them and bound him up ; nothing more was done, but "to my great surprise the wound healed almost completely in a few days." Sir Charles Wilson wrote : "These Soudanis are really like bits of india-rubber ; it is perfectly extraordinary how they bear wounds and how rapidly they heal up." At Chitral, Colonel Younghusband was moved to say :

There is no doubt that Asiatics stand wounds inflicted by sword or bullet infinitely better than Europeans. Injuries that would kill an Englishman, or at least would lay him up for months, affect these hardy and abstemious mountaineers in a manner very much less severe. Imagine having the whole lock of a gun blown into one's shoulder and going about as if nothing had

happened! Such a lock was cut out by one of our surgeons several months after. They report the most marvellous cases of recovery.

These examples of the strength, physical and constitutional, which attend savage life are but illustrations of a rule almost universal—for I apprehend that the swift recovery from wounds is only evidence of supreme vigour. We commonly assign it, like Colonel Younghusband, to “abstemiousness” and wholesome food. But this does not seem to be enough. European peoples of the South are abstemious happily, and have been since records began, but they are not superior to northerners at any of the points with which we are concerned—rather the reverse. Upon the other hand, many savages, like the Samoans and the Dyaks, drink till they are helpless for days when a feast is held—and use decoctions which seem at least to be rank poison. Both in Peru and Mexico the Indians are habitually drunken. Negroes consume a vast deal of beer and Trade gin, without prejudice to “toddy,” and many Kaffirs smoke dacha besides—most harmful of all stimulants probably. Nor will the difference of food suffice, though the woman who absorbs tannic acid under the name of tea must have rickety children. All our artificial customs, acting together for unnumbered generations, have wrought the mischief; but most effective, doubtless, has been the use of clothes, because that is most unnatural. Nakedness is the only condition universal among vigorous and healthy savages—at every other point perhaps they differ. But most of us have quite forgotten that human beings, just like other animals, are unprovided by Nature with any sort of covering. Respectable persons would be shocked and indignant at the suggestion that man was designed to go about his business “all face.” We have reached the stage when a toddling child must be clothed from head to foot, with an extra coat if it steps out of doors, and gaiters added when there is a wind. Until a few years ago it had bare legs at least—no great concession to the laws of Nature; but even that is unusual now. A baby’s feet are cased in wool at a few days old, and so remain, if the intelli-

gent and careful mother has her way. I remember Sir W. Thompson denouncing this wicked stupidity in a speech which roused excitement at the time. He declared his mature conviction that half the ailments which afflict us in age are due to the persistent muffling of our feet in childhood. All parts of the body suffer, become enfeebled and prone to disease, when those important members are not allowed free access to the air. The dullest understand that to raise puppies and kittens as we raise children would be stupid and cruel, while plants would not even live; but the complacent belief that human beings differ essentially from all other creatures nullifies any consideration of the sort. Some stir followed Sir W. Thompson's denunciation, but it soon passed. Lately we have seen another effort of common sense to assert itself. Children, and even adults, appeared in sandals. But a cry of indecency arose, and the movement is almost spent.

It is urged that the cold of Europe makes even bare feet impossible through the greater part of the year; and this is true for us, protected from infancy. But shoes were banned as effeminate in the happier times of Greece and Rome, nor were they worn by the people until the barbarians imposed their fashion. The Edicts of Honorius show that self-respecting Romans protested against trousers until the fifth century; with long hair and fur coats "of the barbarian style" they were forbidden within the precincts of the city. One of Vitellius's generals disgusted the cultured class by wearing trousers and long sleeves, after the Gallic manner, and in that shameful dress—"only fit for savages," says Tacitus—talking to blameless gentlemen in the toga. So the Romans contrived to get along comfortably with no covering for their limbs, and for the most part with toes bare, until swamped by the "savages." They certainly were unacquainted with several of the maladies that afflict us, and probably suffered less from those they knew; it is to be noted that "gout was very rare even in my own recollection," says Pliny. The fact is that a man feels cold in proportion as he is used to clothing. If he

never wore shoes, he does not know the meaning of cold feet—and if the feet are not uncomfortable, the body is well enough. We need not go to ancient times for an example. In Elizabeth's reign, and I know not how long after, the Irish wore only a breech-clout and a mantle. Fynes Moryson's statement is explicit: "In the remote parts, where English laws and manners are unknown, the very chief of the Irish, as well men as women, go naked in the winter time," barring the garments aforesaid. "This I speak of my own experience;" but the very odd illustration which follows rests on the authority of a Bohemian baron whom he met travelling in the O'Kane country. Whatever their misfortunes, the Irish laid in a stock of health at that time which a large proportion of them have never lost under the bare-foot ragged conditions which kind-hearted ignorance thinks misery unredeemed. It is regarded as a standing wonder that children scarcely clad, scarcely housed, "dragged" up, as Lamb puts it, in such wretchedness, should become taller men and women, stronger in muscle and constitution, less subject to disease, than our own, so infinitely better tended. But it is just because they approach so nearly to the condition of savages in scantiness of clothing that the Irish approach them also so nearly in vigour. Sir W. des Voeux noticed a fine English family in Guiana, "the healthiest young people I ever saw in the tropics," he writes. The proud parents told him their recipe—neither boy nor girl had been allowed to wear shoes or stockings. Long since thoughtful men have protested against our habit of muffling the limbs. In his great work on the "Epidemics of the Middle Ages" Dr. Hecker says that Englishmen were ridiculed upon the Continent for their extreme precautions against cold. Nearly five centuries ago Dr. John Kaye, whose name, Latinised to "Caius," is preserved by the foundation of Gonville and Caius College, wrote his "Boke against the Sweating Sickness." Therein he says:

The olde manly hardnes, stoute courage and painfulness of Englande is utterly driven awaye; in the stede wherof men nowadaies receive woman-

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lines and become nice, not able to withstand a blaste of winde . . . and children be so brought up that if they be not all daie by the fire with a toste and butire and in their furies, they be streighte sicke.

To these habits the sagacious doctor attributed the epidemic.

FREDERICK BOYLE.

DEAN CHURCH

HISTORY not infrequently has lived on short commons that theology may grow strong. The names of Green and Stubbs and Creighton are enough to show that she has given not sparingly and of her best to her sister science, and no doubt less obvious examples may be drawn from other ages and other countries. In this company of great men Dean Church is conspicuous. Cherishing a reverent affection for the past, able to see far and to place himself at many points of view, slow to arrive at a decision, infinitely patient and careful, and endowed with a finished style, he had all the qualities required of a great historian; and he shows it in the fragments he has left us. For no large work ever came from his hand, and we are compelled to be content with some priceless cameos—a few clean-cut gems of biography and several sermons, characteristic products of the Tractarian School, direct, dignified, infinitely eloquent in their simplicity.

The events of Church's life are few, and they shall be told with all the brevity he would have desired. Born in 1815 and elected in 1838 to an Oriel Fellowship, he passed through the crisis of the Oxford Movement at the most impressionable period of his life. In 1852, on his approaching marriage, he left Oxford for Whatley, a small Somersetshire parish, where he worked as rector till 1871. In that year Gladstone forced him to accept the Deanery of St. Paul's, which he retained in face of several offers of promotion, including that of the Archbishopric, until his death in 1890. It was a period which saw

great changes, and in which great issues were tried both at home and abroad; but probably the most public occasion for him was when, as Proctor, he vetoed the proposed vote of censure on "Tract 90," thus saving a friend from dishonour and an University from disgrace. He was one of those who influence the world not by what they do, but by what they are.

A convenient setting for his life is suggested by the subject of some of his earliest and most congenial work—St. Anselm. Doubtless his catholic spirit found a particular pleasure in writing of one so eminent for excellence in the three great departments of human life—morality and thought and action. It is, at any rate, not inappropriate to group his life after the mediæval model, and consider him in turn as scholar, statesman, and saint.

Church had no enemies, but, had there been such, they would not have denied him the palm of wide and accurate knowledge. He knew something of science; his review of "Vestiges of Creation" won the praise of Sir Richard Owen. Theology he handled with the grasp of one who has proved by experience that his beliefs are true; and he had a sufficient acquaintance with philosophy and metaphysics. But it was assuredly history that he found most congenial. He possessed the two essential qualities of an historian—sympathy and severity. Beneath his searching eye the movements of societies and the characters of men seem to be tried and valued by no ordinary standard. He is exquisitely sensitive to all that is noble, or beautiful, or grand in the life of nations or of statesmen. To every quality and every aspiration he gives its proper praise. But behind the criterion of intellectual attainment he never allows us to forget that there is another—ininitely more exacting; so that what he says of Dante among poets becomes true of himself among historians:—

No one who could understand and do homage to greatness in man, ever drew the line so strongly between greatness and goodness and so unhesitatingly placed the hero of this world only—placed him in all his magnificence, honoured with no timid or dissembling reverence—at the distance of worlds below the place of the lowest saint.

And Church never wavers in his affirmation of this uncomfortable doctrine. We find him paying the loftiest tribute to Newton, and then warning us in the immediate sequence that St. Paul in one order of greatness—the greatness of goodness—was immeasurably superior to Newton in another. But this is only what we should expect from one who had so perfectly assimilated all that is best in Pascal :

Tous les corps ensemble et tous les esprits ensemble, et toutes leurs productions, ne valent pas le moindre mouvement de charité ; car elle est d'un ordre infiniment plus élevé.

Indeed, if Lord Acton had wished to enforce by illustration that duty of the historian to which he attached so great importance—the duty of reviewing the events and characters of history in the white light of the highest moral standard—he could have found no better example than the work of Dean Church. What other biographer would have dreamed of opening a life of Bacon with the warning that “ the life of Francis Bacon is one which it is a pain to write or to read ” ? The judges of history themselves are brought before the bar. Is there elsewhere so just an appreciation of Gibbon's merits and defects as Church has contrived to fit into a sentence ?

Gibbon who, in his taste for majesty and pomp, his moral unscrupulousness, and his scepticism, reflected the genius of the Empire, of which he recounted the fortunes ; but who in his genuine admiration of public spirit and duty, and in his general inclination to be just to all, except only to the Christian name, reflects another and better side of Roman character.

To his austerity Church unites the other quality essential to a great historian. He is infinitely sympathetic. He has the power of throwing himself into the difficulties of a crisis, of placing himself (with a single exception in the case of Cromwell) at the standpoint of the character he has to judge, and of measuring at least approximately the possibilities of morality in the age of which he is writing. But, when every allowance has been made and every plea considered, the scales are dressed with rigid justice, and we seem to see the man as he will

appear when the judgment is set and the books are opened. Assuredly he who can deal thus with great causes and great characters, who can balance all without bias or prejudice, who can refrain from making surrenders to an alert and ever ready sympathy, has won the great prize of the historian, and sees things no longer in the light of time, but in the light, if not of eternity, at least of its brilliant and dazzling reflection.

Church's most important contribution to the philosophy of history—and all true history aims at being philosophical—is contained in his lectures on the "Gifts of Civilisation," where he examines the effect of Christianity upon the structure of Society. He begins by inquiring into the state of Roman Society in the early days of the Empire, and finds it, as many have done before and since, rotten to the core. A period of unequalled triumph had been succeeded by a painful decay. It was not so much that aspiration had diminished or ability declined, or devotion to the public service disappeared; but somehow the old forces no longer produced the old effects. Men had outgrown the religious conceptions of their forefathers, and the popular new-fangled creeds had no power to stir their souls. So the baser-minded citizens had steeped themselves in licence and the nobler in despair. At the crisis of this unaccountable lethargy Rome came into contact with Christianity and bathed herself deeply at the sources of life. Emerging rejuvenated and restored, she entered upon another epoch and fulfilled another destiny. In her fresh strength, she kept the gate of civilisation against the Moslem invader; she replaced the book of resignation by the book of hope, Marcus Aurelius by St. Augustine; and to the very nations, which sucked her life-blood, she communicated a new and marvellous vitality. It was Christianised Rome which developed imagination and chivalry in the Gaul and the Italian, stubborn determination in the fickle Greek, an insatiable seeking after truth in the Teuton. It is Rome transfused by Christianity, which, alone in the world's history, furnishes an instance of a nation returning upon its age.

This is no place to examine a theory which carries us to the farthest limits of history and beyond. It is idle to deny that the facts on which Church's opinion is based admit of a different interpretation, and the opinion itself is, perhaps, chiefly interesting as that of an historian of admittedly sober judgment, who thought he could detect at a moment of transcendent importance in human history the visible hand of God.

Of Church's other work it is only possible to write in the most cursory fashion. Although a fine classical scholar,¹ he was at heart a thorough romantic, and all his writings deal with the world as it was after the Christian era. His essay on Dante is familiar to every student of that prince of romantics, and there are able critics who think that it is still unsurpassed. Again, in his review of "Sordello" he touched a poem, very full of mediæval feeling, with a singularly discriminating finger. His description of Montaigne's person and character may safely be commended to the most casual reader. Those who would see his writing at the very best must be content to let theology blend with biography. Nowhere, apart from his sermons, does his language rise to a greater height of beauty and earnestness than in his essays on Pascal and Butler. It is at first astonishing to find the master of such rich and exquisitely-turned sentences warning us not to neglect Butler as a model of style.

A qualm [he says] comes over the ordinary writer as he reads Butler when he thinks how often heat and prejudice or lazy fear of trouble, or the supposed necessities of a cause or conscious incapacity for thinking out thoroughly a difficult subject, have led him to say something different from what he felt authorised to say by his own clear perceptions, to veil his deficiencies by fine words, by slurring over or exaggerations.

In Church's own writing there is the happiest combination of sincerity and sensibility. He is not afraid of passion, but his enthusiasm is never ill-regulated. His diction is very pure and careful, but his language never overpowers his thought. He says much that is difficult to say, but as he draws nearer to

¹ See the mention of him in Mark Pattison's "Autobiography."

the sublime, his tread grows the more sure. If, as he tells us, there are two great styles—the self-conscious and the unconscious—or, in other words, the style of Gibbon and Macaulay, and the style of Swift and Newman, there can be no doubt to which school he belongs. His debt to Newman is very apparent. It is, indeed, only natural that one, whose being had no separate compartments, who was the same man as writer that he was as father or citizen or priest, should have carried his discipleship into his literary work. And there are passages in his University Sermons where the eloquence of the disciple surpasses that of the master.

To call Church a statesman is, of course, to let capacity stand for performance. If he lacked the keen interest in detail, which is, perhaps, indispensable to a really great administrator, he had all the qualities which are required by a man who has to make wide and far-reaching decisions. He had independence, or else he would have followed Newman to Rome. He had judgment—the capacity to discern the long issue of events—and, since he was ready to tolerate many differences so long only as truth and loyalty and honour suffered no wrong, he saw clearly the folly of those who defend the rubrics with furious energy and allow the creeds to be captured without a blow.

While Mr. Bell Cox goes to prison [he says in a trenchant letter to Archbishop Benson] for having lighted candles, and mixed water with the wine and refusing to give up such things, dignified clergy of the Church can make open questions of the personality of God, and the fact of the Resurrection, and the promise of immortality.

He had, too, that quality, which Pitt marked down as the most essential in a statesman—patience. This is strikingly illustrated by a passage in which he contrasts the fates of Lamennais and Lacordaire, to show how great a part “temper” (as he calls it) plays in human affairs. Lastly, and chiefly, he was English to the core, the most English, perhaps, of the Tractarians. Nowhere has the real nature of the English Reformation been better drawn out than in his essay on Bishop Andrewes, and those who would look wisely upon that wild

and lurid scene can scarcely do better than take that essay for their guide. There is one sentence which for some of us clears up many difficulties :—

It cannot be sufficiently remembered [he says] that in James I.'s time, and in Charles II.'s time, in 1662, the Reformation was still going on as truly as it was in the days of Edward VI. and Elizabeth.

This is surely the proper standpoint from which to see the confused and sometimes conflicting acts of the men, who, without really adequate knowledge or well-defined purpose, did manage, no doubt clumsily and with many blunders, to restore the Church of England. We need to look upon their work as we should look upon the changes in some old and time-honoured castle, which has been often refaced and often adapted to fresh uses. We see much to displease and distress us. There are seams and scars, and beside them the modern renovations and improvements look insolent and ugly. But, through all, the design stands out sharply, and, if we have to recognise the hand of many masons, we know also that there has been but one architect.

In the case of such a man as Church it is superfluous, even slightly absurd, to seek for pronounced political opinions. All that can be said was that he seems to have tended towards Liberalism, although he was opposed to Disestablishment. But, indeed, it is idle to attempt to label a profound student of history with a party name. For such an one politics—true policy—becomes a slowly moving, irresistible river, and he grows as impatient of sudden currents as of stagnant pools.

It remains to consider Church in his third aspect as saint. Sanctity and piety through frequent abuse have for many of us an ugly sound; but Church was quite free from that sickliness, which the Italian painters have done so much to associate with the devout mind. Manliness in thought and conduct is a virtue which he is at no little pains to enforce, and there is a striking passage in his

writings where he notes the want of it as the radical defect in Fénelon's otherwise beautiful character. He has about him something of that austerity of disposition which is part of the absolutely necessary equipment of every student of Danté. He notices, as a thing to be wondered at, that men should be able to read the New Testament and not see that it is a severe book. He is amazed at the short views which Christians are content to take of life. To him, at least, belief or disbelief in eternity is not an interesting opinion but the dominating factor in life. He has a high regard for all who, after a patient and conscientious examination, have rejected what he holds to be the truth, but he is intolerant of those others, who, through indifference or indolence, have failed to consider the supreme question; of those who, by their insolent neglect, provoked the biting sarcasm of Pascal and the proud disdain of Butler. Speaking of the so-called conflict between religion and science, he says:

I do not think, at any rate, that the majority of those who follow this tremendous debate reflect or in any degree realise what is involved in victory or defeat. It is not victory or defeat for a mere philosophical theory or criticism. . . . If the opponents of Christianity are right, if the victory lies with them, it is much more than that Christians are mistaken, as men have been mistaken, about science, about principles of government, about the policy or the economy of a State. It means that now as regards religion, as widely as men are living and acting, all that is now is false, rotten, wrong. Our present hopes are utterly extinguished. Our present motives are as unsubstantial as bubbles. We are living in a dream. We are wasting on an idol the best love, the highest affections, the purest tenderness which can dwell in human hearts.

In one who held these views we find, as we should expect, a just recognition of the work of Greg and Huxley, a real appreciation of that of Seeley, but, in spite of an acknowledgment of his merits, a certain contempt for the shallow self-complacency of Renan. It was impossible for a man of rare and finished culture like Church not to resent the execrable taste which is content to treat the deepest and most momentous issues of life as fit subjects for sensuous trifling.

He was what he was because his religion with all its claims

and all its promises was so real to him. The words he applies to Butler are, at least, as fittingly applied to himself?—

It was his power, the greatest power perhaps that he had, that what his reason told him was certain and true he was able continually to see and feel and imagine to be true and real. He had the power of faith.

Butler, who has spoken to so many men of widely different character, never spoke more powerfully than to the Tractarians. They were his real children, the perfect fruit of a slow and laborious ripening. We are told now that the Oxford Movement had no philosophy behind it until Green made us familiar with German metaphysics. It is at least as true that the Oxford Movement would never have influenced men as it did if it had been reared upon a metaphysical basis. Church says somewhere that the key to Newman's character and conduct lies in his passionate eagerness to re-create the temper and surroundings of the first propagation of the Gospel, and that what more than all else led to his perversion was the fancy that he could detect in the crowds, which flocked to modern pilgrimages, some resemblance to those which thronged the hill-sides of Galilee, and in the especial honour paid by Roman Catholics to virgin purity and simplicity of soul, the counterpart of the trusting obedience of the Apostles. Surely this is the most illuminating remark that has ever been made about Newman, and certainly it is true that this aspiration after the life of the Early Church was the secret strength of the whole Movement. The philosophy of the Tractarians was the philosophy of Butler, the philosophy of faith. In a chance sentence in his "History of the Oxford Movement"—almost the only one in which he makes any mention of his own feelings—Church places this beyond dispute:—

In a memorable sermon [he tells us], the vivid impression of which still haunts the recollection of some who heard it, Newman gave warning to his friends and to those whom his influence touched, that no child's play lay before them; that they were making without knowing it "The Ventures or Faith."

Church explains, too, in a negation the method of the reformers, which is, indeed, the only one that lays hold of deeply refined and cultured natures :—

Newman did not try to draw men to him. He was no proselytiser ; he shrank with fear and repugnance from the character—it was an invasion of the privileges of the heart.

There was in these men, and in Church, perhaps, most of all, a sense of the littleness of man's knowledge and the grandeur of his destiny, which enabled them to combine the loyal confidence of the childlike mind with the force and determination of men.

We know a man well if we can at all share his impressions and ideas, and of a few of these Church has left us a record, which it has seemed worth while to collect. One of them is that excited by the contemplation of great crowds. He can never look upon many faces without wondering what personality each carries with it, without wishing to individualise these lives, to learn their history, their good and evil, their possibilities and limitations. Every one, of course, knows this old thought, but with Church it was a matter not merely of knowledge but of apprehension. Towards the end of his life he has a waking vision constantly present to his mind :

... up one road the image of a man decked and adorned as if for a triumph, carried up by rejoicing and exulting friends, who praise his goodness and achievements ; and, on the other road, turned back to back to it, there is the very man himself, in sordid and squalid apparel, surrounded not by friends but by ministers of justice, and going on, while his friends are exulting, to his certain and perhaps awful judgment.

He would have us ask ourselves what we shall be a hundred years hence. He is haunted by the mystery of all he feels and sees—of his own being and its growth from childhood to old age, from time into eternity ; of the natural world “ so incomprehensible,” he writes, borrowing Butler's words to express his thought, “ that a man must in the literal sense

know nothing at all who is not sensible of his ignorance of it.”
Then what a strange comment is this upon Rome :

I had the feeling that it is the one city in the world, besides Jerusalem, on which we know God's eye is fixed, and that he has some purpose or other about it—one can hardly tell whether good or evil.

And the words—which he caused to be inscribed on his tomb :—

Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvos salvandos gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Quaerens me sedisti lassus
Redemisti crucem passus
Tantus labor non sit cassus—

come to us from the wild hills of Assisi, with a breath that is not of to-day or yesterday, and lift him into the company of good men, who in all ages and in all countries have proved the truth of St. Augustine's words : “ Fecisti nos ad te, Domine, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te.”

Who can measure the value of such a life as this until the long issue of events is disclosed and the deep under-currents are revealed, and the things of time are seen in the light of eternity ?

ALGERNON CECIL.

TO JAPAN

THY Sun is risen, indeed ! His rosy smiles
Greet thee, fair Sister of the Eastern Isles.
The Mistress of the Waters of the West
Is proud to clasp thee to her heaving breast,
Is proud to call thee by a Sister's name—
Are not thy highest hopes and hers the same ?

Mighty Japan, if in the dark To Be
That Danger threaten us which threatened thee,
May Britain's Faith be resolute as thine,
Nor Christ's white Altars yield to Buddha's Shrine
In that which is more mighty than the Sword—
A Nation's humble leaning on its Lord.

We pray no more than this : as thou hast stood,
So may we stand ; as reckless of our blood,
As calm, as keen, in hand and heart and brow,
As heedless of Life's Little While as thou.
We ask no more, for more there cannot be ;
Enough for Britain if she be like thee.

RICHARD STRAHAN ROWE.

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XXIX

MR. DANE IS HUMBLE

THE trees in Cobham Park stood golden in the sunshine. They had no charm for Lady d'Abernon, who required sympathy, and bestowed it upon herself lavishly. She had indeed always thought that Helen would end so. She had always been sure of it. Alack, why was Helen her daughter? Sure, she had done her duty by the girl. 'Twas not for lack of plentiful warning she had gone astray. Lady d'Abernon assured herself that she had always acted according to the most reputable traditions. It was, in fact, some consolation to know that in hurrying her daughter out of town she was following the wisdom of half a score great ladies. Reputations—it was confessed at court—became convalescent in the shires. With careful skill the girl might be found a husband yet. Lady d'Abernon sniffed lavender and sighed. Ah, if only Helen had been guided by her she might have had one already. But the girl was always a fool. So like her father.

The trees in the park stood golden, yet brought no joy to another anxious heart. Jack Dane came striding along the white road, a better sight since his twelve hours' sleep at the inn, but still very grave and dull-eyed. He was grown much older, in a week.

"Mr. Dane requests the honour of an audience of Lady d'Abernon.

The lackey shook his head. "My lady is not within, sir."

"In that case—you will take my name to Mistress d'Abernon." Mr. Dane stepped into the hall.

"Sir—indeed sir——" the lackey recoiled as Mr. Dane advanced.

"You are, I conceive, a servant?" Mr. Dane inquired. And at that the lackey retired. Waiting in the hall Mr. Dane heard an angry voice. He walked on the sound—he entered Lady d'Abernon's parlour, and "My lady your most humble," says he with the lowest of bows. My lady who was rating the footman stopped, stammered, flushed, and stared.

"How dare you?" she cried. "William!" and she glared at the lackey and waved her hand to Mr. Dane. William made a hesitating advance, for Mr. Dane was large, and he appeared to intend to stay.

"My lady, I beg your pardon. I pray you grant me a few moments."

Lady d'Abernon, seeing no help for it, waved the lackey away, and "How dare you?" she repeated feebly when he was gone.

Mr. Dane drew himself up. "I know why you take me so ma'am. But I'll not insult your daughter in telling you she is blameless. Why she came to me——"

"You? I thought it was the Frenchman," cried Lady d'Abernon.

Mr. Dane flushed. "You seem to think many strange things," he said sharply. "But sure you must know why she came to me."

"Know? What is there to know?" cried Lady d'Abernon, whose imagination furnished only one explanation.

"More than her kind mother has guessed ma'am," says Mr. Dane flushing. "She was charged by—by a great lady with a message to me. She could not find me at Laleham's rout and came to Beaujeu's house seeking me."

"And who will believe that?" says Lady d'Abernon with contempt.

"I'll convince any man!"

"You'll never stop the town talking," says my lady. "Oh, the girl's a fool."

"Pardon me. I'll not allow that said of the lady whom I hope to have to wife."

"What, now?" cried Lady d'Abernon in sincere surprise.

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Dane coldly.

Lady d'Abernon gaped, not prettily. For behold a miracle. There before her was a man of decent blood and comfortable estate proposing to marry a girl that he (or his friend—no matter) had had for his pleasure. My lady did not doubt that. But even for her fool of a daughter it was her religious duty to do her best. So, "Of course you cannot in honour offer less, Mr. Dane," says she severely.

"I beg you permit me to see Nell," says Mr. Dane.

"But what would you provide for her?" said the affectionate mother.

Mr. Dane looked down at her sneering: "I desire to settle upon her all I have but the entailed lands," he said coldly.

Lady d'Abernon opened her mouth: "All?" was the sound that came at length. "All?" in an awed tone. Then she recovered herself. "Pish! 'Tis no more than your mother's dower. Well, sir, do I learn that you promise that?"

"I do."

"'Tis little enough. I had hoped for a better match. Since you have so used the girl——"

"I have asked that I may see Nell, ma'am," says Jack sharply.

"Oh, there can be no denying, now. Pray remember, Mr. Dane, that we have small cause to thank you."

"I have not desired you," said Jack.

Lady d'Abernon made a scornful noise, rang the bell, and turned away from him.

Nell was reading ; "The Faery Queen" was laid down as Jack came in, and she rose. Only the faintest colour marked her cheek. She waited for Jack to speak, and Jack bowed and stood silent. They looked at each other frankly man and maid till his glance wavered and he flushed : "Nell, can you forgive me?" he said in a low voice. "I am come to ask your pardon"; and he waited staring at the ground.

"Jack," said Nell softly. He looked up. She was holding out her hand, and he fell on his knee and took it and kissed it. Nell stooped forward and laid her other hand on his shoulder. "Ah, Jack, I am glad," she whispered, and he saw her grey eyes smile at him. "We'll forget, Jack," she cried gaily, and tossed back her brown curls.

Jack rose from his knee. "You make me feel the more brute," he said slowly. "Faith, I deserve it."

"I know," said Nell. "Yes, I know you are sorry. But indeed 'twas only just a moment—that you—you forgot." She blushed a little. "'Tis all over Jack," and she smiled.

Jack came nearer and took her hand. "Nell, I persuaded your mother to let me see you——"

"And how did you do that?" cried Nell gaily.

"To ask you—to ask you—" says Jack, and flushed and stammered. "Nell, 'tis many a year—and I have not always been——. Nell, can you be my wife?"

As he spoke a blush flooded her cheeks, but she looked frankly in his eyes, and "Why—why do you ask?" she said slowly.

"Nell, dear—will you try trust me?" says Jack. "Nell, indeed, dear heart——" and he drew her closer.

But she put up her hand against him. "Jack, you are cheating me! You are cheating yourself!" she cried, very pale.

"By heaven, no!" says Jack, and, meeting her eyes, "Ah, Nell, you'll learn to trust me again?"

"Yes, I trust you now ; see!" and she laid her white hands in his. "I know—I know you are fond of me—but 'tis not,

not so. You are sorry, only sorry. Jack, is 't not true?" she cried. "You think you ought, and as you ask me——. Ah, Jack, is it fair?" and the full red lips quivered and faint lines were traced on her brow.

But still Jack held her hands and looked into her dark grey eyes. "On my honour, Nell, you are wrong," says he in a low voice. "I'll not cheat you. I'll not say I have never had thought of another lady. But I think I have loved you since you could walk. Even at my basest, Nell——. Faith," he laughed an instant, "you know how base—and but for you I'd still be the same sorry prigster. Nell, Nell, I'm not such a rogue that I'd ask you if I did not love you with all my heart."

"Ah, you think it, now," Nell murmured, and the lines on her brow grew deeper. "You believe it just now, Jack. But after——" and her throat was a-trembling and her eyes misty.

"Dear, you are trying to doubt," Jack cried. "Will you not try to believe? . . ." He drew her closer: "Tell me there is another man would make you happier and I——" his voice went away. "I—God knows I'd give you joy and—and go." She did not answer, and he took both her hands in one of his and set his arm about her. "'Tis not that," he whispered in her ear. "'Tis only one answer I'll take now, Nell," and he drew her closer. She did not stay him, the furrows on her brow grew smooth, the quick uneasy breath fell calm.

"I'll not cheat neither, Jack," she said very quietly. "I'll not answer now. Indeed, indeed I can't. Wait awhile—wait till Christmastide," and as he frowned, "Ah, Jack, is it not fair to me?" she cried.

"I'll wait your own time, dear," says Jack in a moment: and then, smiling a little, "dear, let it be short," he whispered: and a dimple trembled in her cheek as she blushed.

She let him hold her in his arm a while then gently moved away and led him to the window. "When the leaves are gone, Jack," she said, and pointed to a great tree.

"Oh lud," says Jack, gazing, "'tis an oak!"

Nell laughed gaily and held out both her hands. "Go pray to them, sir," says she, and Jack knelt again and kissed the two white hands. But as he was shutting the door, "Jack," said Nell softly, and he turned again, "I forgot they were oak leaves."

"And I'll not remember," says Jack, and departed.

To Lady d'Abernon consuming a sermon of Dr. Hicks entered Nell silently, and: "Jack has gone, mother," says she meekly.

Lady d'Abernon started: "Heavens, child! Well?"

"I have sent him away."

"You sent him away?" screamed Lady d'Abernon. "You——? Oh, the girl's lunatic! And why, pray?"

"I desired it."

"Desire? Ugh, your desires. Sure, we have had enough of them. Oh, fool, fool!" she waved her hands helplessly, and before Nell's steady eyes, Nell's quiet smile, became inarticulate. So Nell left her.

When the moon was up Nell sat all white by her window looking out northward at the pole star shining bright above the moor. "I wonder," says Nell very low. She leant out and drew deep breaths of the sweet night air. Then, as she walked to her bed: "No, I'm sure," she whispered, "I'm sure," and she laughed and hid her blushing face in the thyme-scented pillows.

CHAPTER XXX

LOVE IN A COTTAGE

THEY were praying to the weathercock outside St. Clement Danes. It was public now, it was in print under his own hand that William of Orange was coming to free England from tyranny, Papists, and his father-in-law. So good honest citizens gathered around the vanes to pray for a Protestant east wind. And in Whitehall King James was clapping into

the fire every copy of Prince William's declaration that the tipstaffs could bring him and giving orders to revoke and rescind all the ordinances of his three years' reign. He complained pathetically to my lord Sunderland that his wicked people would not believe him sincere. But how should good Protestants ('twas asked in a nameless leaflet writ by M. de Beaujeu) trust a King who persecuted Bishops, who had made a Prince of Wales of a butter-woman's brat?

M. de Beaujeu sat in his room over the river guiding, with Mr. Healy, the storm. There was plentiful work. So many fine gentlemen must needs come and confide to him now that they had in truth been for many years devoted to freedom's cause—so many more must write and beg the honour of an occasion to serve His Highness of Orange (whose name indeed had been for a decade in their humble prayers). Withal there was the town and its passions to watch and guide. Good citizens must be roused by rumour and pamphlet to fierce wrath against their King. The 'prentices and the mobile must have their leaders and their rallying cries. Sure, the King must not be let doubt a moment that his people had him in bitter hate.

So M. de Beaujeu had plentiful work, and he tried to lose himself in it, for it seemed that Mistress Charlbury had vanished off the earth. Healy and Jack and he had beat the town for her—she had been sought in the old home at Byfleet—and all was for nought. So Jack was gone to raise his Kentish tenantry and Beaujeu was left to work and forget. And he could do neither thoroughly. An hour's fierce labour would end in his staring stupid at a paper or pacing peevishly up and down the room a long while, his mind numb. Yet since monsieur was working for his own greatness, he made no mistakes, he left nought undone, the strings of the great revolt were firm held in his hand. And Mr. Healy marvelled alike at his brain and his heart.

There were two noble gentlemen, Patrick O'Gorman and Richard Rutter, gentlemen with whose arm-bones Mr. Healy's

sword was acquainted, could have brought tidings of moment to monsieur. Detailed by my lord Sherborne to go a-spying on Mistress Charlbury they had done their duty. While Beaujeu was pinking my lord Wickham they had beheld Mistress Charlbury mount her coach. Mr. Rutter and Mr. O'Gorman sped after it as best they could, but being over-good friends of strong ale had stitches in their sides and lost it in Kennington Lane. For which they were little thanked by my lord Sherborne.

But my lord having some light was guided. Mr. O'Gorman and Mr. Rutter and their gallant companions, my lord's private bullies, were set to converse in all the ale-houses on the western roads. It was a grateful task, and after joyous weeks Mr. Rutter ran his quarry to ground in a little house by the river at Isleworth. Mr. Rutter, though slightly drunk, was sure that he knew the tall woman picking roses, and he lurched off gurgling with glad tidings.

So on the next day my lord Sherborne, his crimson velvet bedewed with the autumn mist, strode into a little dark wainscoted room, and stood smiling before Mistress Charlbury.

Rose started up very pale, and her hand caught at her breast: "You?" she gasped. "You?"

"And why not I, child?" says my lord, smiling, "Since your noble husband has cast you off."

"And who says that, my lord?" Rose cried.

My lord laughed. "Does it need saying? Why else are you hiding here? I gad, I know what he was when you lied for him, and sure you yourself know him now—'tis a knave that uses you for any scoundrelly turn and——"

"My lord!" he cried fiercely, flushing.

My lord approached and laid his hand on her shoulder, but she started from his touch. His blue eyes were dull. "Rose," says he, in a low voice, "I am not come to hurt you—not that, God knows," and he met her searching gaze. "I am come to help, child. I thought at first he had placed you somewhere. But now," his voice rose higher, "now he has scorned you—"

spite of all—and you” (my lord’s voice was unsteady), “you are hiding for shame. So I come. Rose, I want to help. Will you not trust me again? You trusted once, child.”

Rose had grown pale again. “It was before I knew you, my lord,” she said coldly.

Sherborne muttered something—then caught her hands. “’Tis my quarrel if ’tis yours, Rose,” he cried, “let me repay.”

“Repay?” Rose echoed it, wide-eyed in amazement.

“Ay, sure, you must hate him now at least!” He grasped her hands harder, he was growing crimson, and Rose stared at him as at a madman. “Let me make the knave answer it!” cried Sherborne. “Let me take up your wrongs.”

“I have no wrongs, my lord,” said Rose coldly. “Please you, release my hands.”

Sherborne flung them away from him and started back. The veins swelled in his temples, and his breath came noisily. A moment he glared at her, then “What? What?” he cried hoarsely. “Still mad for him? Fool!” he laughed, “does he want you?” and since that made her blush, laughed again. “Well! you may make your adieux to him, mistress. Begad, I will now make an end!” He eyed her an instant, smiling upon her but unlovely, then caught up his hat and strode off.

Rose caught her breath. At any cost, my lord must not be let go thus—’twas death for Mr. Dane or his ruin, and in that cause all must be dared. “No—no, I protest, my lord,” she gasped. “I—I yearn for him to be punished.” Sherborne turned in the doorway and eyed her curiously. “I pray you—tell me what you would do.”

Sherborne stared at her a moment, and then, “Bah, did you think to fool me so?” he snarled. “Tell you? And have you warn him and save him again? No, begad, you’ll not bubble me twice.”

“Indeed, my lord, ’tis not so. How can you think I would save him again?” says poor Rose anxiously. “’Twas yourself said I must hate him at heart, and——”

But Sherborne laughed: “Ay, you can act. All the town

knows that. But I am not the King to be cheated so, ma'am." Then his brow darkened. "Zounds, you must be curst, to love him so—and he 'ld not even stir to take you—oh God!" My lord compared his own case.

"I say that I do not love him, my lord," cried Rose blushing.

"Why, then, we'll prove it. Soon, egad, there'll be nought of him live to love, and then—will you weep for him? Not you, child, for you do not love him. Give me some wine then, and I'll drink you hell to Beaujeu!"

Rose had caught her hand to her breast and gazed at his bloodshot starting eyes. "I—I have tried to cheat," she said unsteadily. "I do love him yet. My lord, if you love me, indeed, you'll not do this thing."

"If?" cried Sherborne. "God, what would you ask me? I have offered you all of mine time and again? And would your fine flame Beaujeu do as much? Begad, he'll not have you even for his light of love. Oh, he has put a devil in you! . . ." My lord's passions conquered his speech.

"You talk of love, my lord," says the girl quietly, while he mumbled and muttered. "If you love me you'll not harm whom I love."

My lord seemed to himself to listen to ravings. "By God, 'tis the pure reason," he cried amazed. "Well, mistress, we'll see if you love the dead," and he turned away.

Rose gave a little gasp. "Stay yet," she murmured, and my lord lingered, looking at her. She blushed and could not speak for a while. Then, looking down at the ground, "If you care to take me, who do not care at all for you—you may, my lord," she said.

"Ay! As the price for his life," cried my lord.

"Since you must have a price," said the girl.

My lord stared at her a while. Then, "No, ma'am," he said, and he laughed. "I'll account with him first. You," his eyes grew greedy, "you shall come after," and on that he went out, leaving her all trembling and cold.

So Rose's maid must needs go into town on the carrier's wain, and M. de Beaujeu found in his hall a letter.

"DEAR,—Pray look well to yourself. My lord Sherborne hath sworn your death, and means it. ROSE."

M. de Beaujeu striving to find how and whence it had come drove himself and all his household near madness.

CHAPTER XXXI

MY LORD SUNDERLAND LEAVES THE SHIP

*Suave mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem*

MY lord Sunderland read the Horatian tag inscribed in the neat hand of M. de Beaujeu. It was the agreed sign. The Protestant wind had come out of the east. William of Orange and his armament were upon the seas.

"I am not sorry for it," says my lord Sunderland to the scrap of paper. Life at Whitehall had grown mighty harassing. King James unkindly suspected every one, and my lord's ingenuity had been something strained. He was ready for the sign, and he rang for his servant and sent to my lady the message: "I await only her ladyship." That also was an arranged token.

Then the door-latch was stirred and my lord sprang up as the King came in: "Your Majesty honours me," said my lord.

The King thrust a letter into his hands: "My lord, what does that mean?" he asked in a shrill peevish voice. My lord found himself reading a letter from his wife to Mr. Wharton. She began by calling him Tom, and joked with him as she was wont to joke with more men than one. So far was nothing to rouse the King whatever my lord Sunderland might feel. But soon came words of graver import:

"'Tis dull here, Tom, and things go ill. I doubt they'll be worse yet. You like them so, you rogue—and faith for you they are well enough. Oh lud grant I'll see Tom Wharton on the Council. And I doubt I will, too, for the King is—my chaste pen finds no word for the King. Majesty's face is longer than ever, and his knees are worn to the bone with praying. Sure, the sight of him would make atheists. I grow clever and 'tis time to halt.—A."

Sunderland looked up. "Your Majesty," says he most solemnly, "this is my lady Sunderland's hand."

"Do I not know it, my lord?" cried impatient Majesty. "Tell me, my lord, tell me—how comes your wife to write so to a Whig?"

My lord Sunderland appeared stricken with great grief. "Your Majesty knows too well my domestic misfortunes," he said slowly. "All the world knows them. I had hoped that you, sir, would not make a mock of them."

"Mock?" cried Majesty. "Bah, what is it to me if your wife is frail?" My lord Sunderland made a groan and a gesture of despair. "I desire to know, my lord"—Majesty's voice rose shriller as the black eyebrows came down—"what is this talk of times changing and the rogue Wharton being in favour?" Majesty rapped with his fist on the table: "In fine, my lord, in fine—how dares your wife write so of me?"

Sunderland started back: "Your Majesty does not doubt my honour?" he cried in pained surprise: then, gazing on the scowl of Majesty, stumbled back and caught at a chair. "Ah, sir, it needed but this," says he hoarsely. "For your sake I have made all England my enemy—now—now you, too—cast me off." My lord strove with strong emotion a moment, then, conquering, lifted his head and spake in the calm of despair: "Your Majesty doubts my honour. I have done. Do what you will, sir. I had rather fall by your hand than your foes'."

Majesty was somewhat discomposed. He looked askance at injured virtue standing before him with head held proudly.

"Honour, my lord? No one doubts your honour," said Majesty nervously.

Sunderland shook his head. "Your Majesty is kind to say so," says he with a sad smile. "This man,"—he tapped the letter—"this man has wounded my honour at its tenderest—and 'tis with him whom of all others I must hate most that your Majesty thinks I would conspire. Your Majesty believes me base enough for that. I have nought to say." His chin fell on his breast. "I pray your Majesty's leave to withdraw," and he dropped to his knee.

The King raised him quickly. "No, my lord, no. I know you for my friend." Sunderland bowed to the very ground. "I protest I have never doubted you, Sunderland. How could you dream so? Do you not trust me neither?" Majesty, whose hands were all a quiver, eyed him gloomily.

"Your Majesty!" cried Sunderland aghast. "Not trust you? I?"

"Nay, my lord, I know that you do. I know," Majesty muttered to himself nervously. Then cried shrill: "But pray, my lord, what means that talk of change and the rogue Wharton being in favour?"

Sunderland affected to read the letter again. "Why, sir, I can but guess," says he slowly. "For a guess I would give you this: the knave Wharton has blustered of the Prince of Orange and his coming. My lady, woman-like, believes all she hears." The king, looking mightily gloomy, nodded. Then Sunderland laughed: "Why, sir, 'tis the old story of a good time coming, when the King's power shall be broke. So rogues have talked since I was a child. So they will talk still when I am in my grave!"

"You believe that?" asked Majesty dubiously.

"Should I deceive your Majesty?" cried Sunderland.

"No, my lord, no." Majesty patted his shoulder. "You have always comfort for me, Sunderland. You are a good servant."

"Your Majesty honours me! May I hope that I am still held worthy your trust?"

"Say rather of my friendship," says the poor King graciously, and gave my lord Sunderland his hand to kiss. Thereafter my lord had some trouble to get rid of him.

But two hours afterwards my lord and his lady mounted their coach and left Whitehall and the King.

"So the ship sinks and we leave it, my lord," says my lady with some scorn as they jolted away.

"I could wish, my lady, that you would conduct your amours with more discretion," says my lord tartly.

"Oh lud, let your wife find some consolation."

"You require so much. I am not jealous, but I do not see why you need write treason to Wharton. That last witty epistle, my lady, has come to the King."

My lady laughed merrily. "And he brought it to you? Oh, noble! Would I had been there."

"I said, my lady," says Sunderland sharply, "that your shame was well known."

"Mine?" cried my lady, "Oh lud!" and lay back on the cushions to laugh.

My lord Sunderland coughed.

My lady having enjoyed her jest looked at him sideways out of her almond eyes. My lord's lean figure was wrapped in brown velvet from chin to toe, his little eyes flashed bright, and there was a white gleam of teeth between his thin lips. "Faith," says my lady, "you are vastly like a rat."

CHAPTER XXXII

LOVE IN A CARRIAGE

AND now all was suddenly turmoil. The Protestant wind had come and wafted the Prince of Orange to Devonshire, and swiftly he marched on London. Couriers came galloping to Whitehall with the news. Couriers went galloping out by

every road to call King James's scattered regiments together. And my lord Danby fell upon York, my lord Devonshire on Derby, and the north and the midlands broke out in revolt; and the mobile howled all day long in town; and my lord Sunderland hid himself, and King James lived in his oratory upon bread and wine.

The shires were in revolt, the town in a frenzy, and my lord Sherborne was well pleased. Such tumult was apt to his purpose. My lord had required to strengthen his forces, and so Mr. O'Gorman, a gentleman of distinguished friendships, had introduced him to Captain Hagan of Whitefriars and the Savoy. Captain Hagan, a genius in his trade, was presented to my lord, who beheld a lean fellow with a squint and a slit nose. He wore his own straight brown hair, scarce long enough to hide his shorn ears, and his garb was a modest grey. Altogether he contrasted with the rubicund, the resplendent O'Gorman.

My lord inquired if Captain Hagan knew what was asked of him. Captain Hagan turned one eye on Mr. O'Gorman; the other was still set on my lord.

"I am asking ye, Pat," says the captain thickly, "Will you want him bastinated or will you want him ——" the captain pointed downwards with his thumb and made a click in this throat.

"I want the knave taken off, sirrah," my lord cried.

Save for the one eye Captain Hagan still neglected my lord. He became confidential with Mr. O'Gorman, and taking him by the button-hole: "Have you the cole now, Pat?" he inquired.

"Put a price on the job," Mr. O'Gorman advised.

"A warm fifty, Pat, not a sice less," says the captain.

"You shall have it," my lord cried and moved to his cabinet.

"Megs, now, Pat, megs," says the captain, shaking his head severely at Mr. O'Gorman, but allowing one eye to follow my lord. My lord counted out sixty guineas and pushed

them across the table. Captain Hagan tried them one by one in his dirty fingers. "Not a tatt among 'em Pat," says he, as he slapped the last into his pocket. "You may say I am equipped. Two days is my time, Pat, as you know. I'll have a tilter through him inside my time. Od rot my bones! He's for the maggots. Pom-pom!" he slapped his hat on his head by the crown, pivoted on his heel, and stalked out.

"May we trust him?" says my lord to Mr. O'Gorman.

"Begad, do you think Rochester ever paid man or woman for nothing?" says Mr. O'Gorman. "Well, and he kept Pete Hagan in bed and board for five years. Pete sticks by his word, and by that he has won to the top of the trade," says Mr. O'Gorman with reverence.

As the mists were rising from the river, and the dim autumn twilight fell, a coach dashed up to the little Isleworth cottage, and a man sprang out and hurried up the garden.

"Madame, pardon. Pardon, I am ze valet of M. de Beaujeu," he cried, breathless, as he broke in upon Rose. "Monsieur 'e is wounded wiz a sword. 'E cry your name *mille fois*, madame. Madame, M. 'Ealy, 'e beg you come quick." Rose gazed at him a moment, her hand on her heart, her face dull white in the gloom. "Oh, madame, you will not come?" cried the man reproachfully.

A sob broke from her. "Oh, yes! Yes!" she gasped. "Take me!" and the man took her hand and hurried her to the coach.

The door was slammed upon her, the man sprang up beside the coachman, and they sped off up the lane. Lying back in the dark with her hands tight clasped in her lap Rose felt the beat of her heart.

But soon the coach checked violently, she was flung forward, all around rose the clatter of hoofs and oaths, and a man sprang in beside her and caught her in his arms.

"So, child, at last!" my lord Sherborne whispered in her ear, and laughed.

Striving against him with both hands she freed herself a little, she saw his face red in the dark. "You!" she gasped, and turned in his arms and caught at the door. My lord grasped at her wrists and held them, and as she writhed in his arms he crushed her to the seat beneath him.

"Would you slay me, child?" he laughed as he used his heavier strength upon her. She struggled wildly beneath him, panting, and cried out. But the noise of tramping hoofs deadened her cries, and soon they whirled off at a wild pace, and horsemen were galloping at either window.

My lord's prey lay gasping, crushed beneath him. He moved from her a little way, but held her still. "What, sweeting?" he laughed in her ear. "I might take you if I 'ld spare him? Gad, I've not spared him and I've taken you."

She shuddered in his arms: "My lord—my lord, is he dead?" she gasped.

"By now," says my lord with relish.

Rose drew a long sobbing breath and fell back in the corner, and lay very still.

"Rose," says my lord huskily, "dear child!" and drew her against him. Her bosom was still against his heart, her cheek cold to his burning lips. My lord seemed to himself to embrace the dead. His arm dropped from about her, and she fell slowly back on the cushions. My lord stared at her white face through the darkness; he caught her hands. "Rose," he muttered, "Rose!" and pressed them to his lips. "Dear heart, I have been a brute and a boor, but"—the voice grew hoarser—"you have made me mad, child. There is nought in the world but you. I 'ld go to hell to win you. Child, what more do you ask than I'll give you? Before God, I have meant you honestly; ay, I mean it yet. I'll live but to serve you. I'm your slave. God, you must see it, you must know it! Rose!" he pressed her hands and drew her closer. "Rose, I'll give you all I have—have you nought for me?"

"For you?" and her laugh rose shrill above the roar of the

hoofs. "For you? Nought for any man—now. And for you——" again she laughed, and my lord drew away from her at the sound.

They sped on through the night, and the cold dank air stang their faces. "So, ma'am, so!" my lord snarled. "But at least I have you! And I'll use you to my pleasure, begad. Do you taunt me, mistress? Zounds, I'll make you a woman of the town." She answered nothing. "You choose it, you choose it so," my lord muttered then to himself. "You choose it do you not?" he cried in her ear and clapped his arm about her. Still she answered nothing nor hindered. My lord pressed kisses on her cold cheek and held her hard against his side.

So they whirled on through the night away down the road to the west. And Rose lay still in his arms, past pain, past shame. For M. de Beaujeu was dead.

(To be continued)

Basement

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